

The King that overthrew Pharaoh's Folk Shout of Music and
Dance

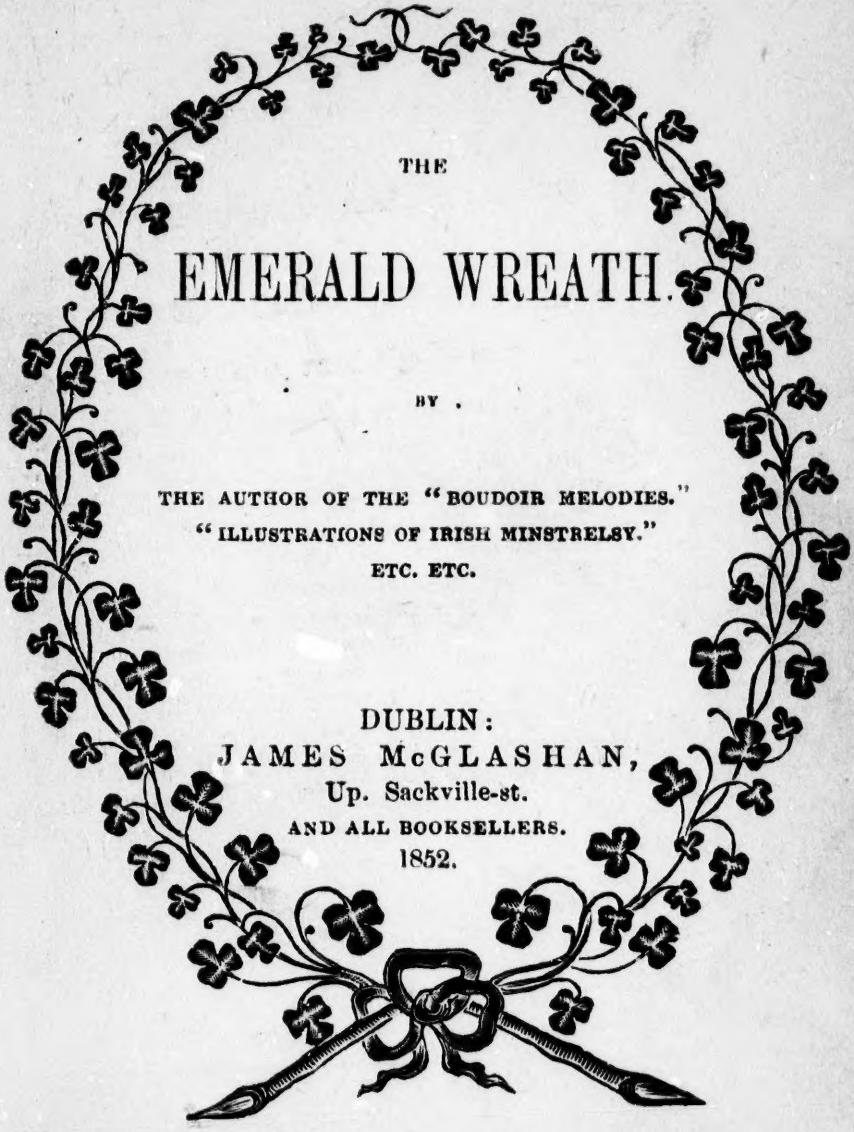
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THE EMERALD WREATH.

BY .

THE AUTHOR OF THE "BOUDOIR MELODIES."

"ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY."

ETC. ETC.

DUBLIN:

JAMES McGLASHAN,

Up. Sackville-st.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1852.

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Autographs.

Coppin Maria Fagan & Fagan

Maria Shrewsbury & Waterford

Cha S Walker Lansdowne
Lansbury

Thomas Moore
"Delta" De Weeble

Wellington Walker

Washington Irving

J Debussy Ida Belse
Anna Maria Hale
L H Legouney

Dr. G. D.
Dear Dr. G. D.
Very truly yours
John G. Morgan
TO

MRS. GROGAN MORGAN,

SHOOTDOWN CASTLE, CO. WEXFORD,

THIS VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

A FAITHFUL AND HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia Morgan Morgan

Maria Threshbury & Watford

Cha S Walker Lansdowne
Loring

Thomas Moore

"Delta C. W. C. Clark

Wellington Walker

Washington Irving

J. DeRuyt Julia Belle
Anna Maria Hale

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Chapt 2.
From her dear husband
W^l M^r Whitney -
Baltimore March 3^d 1852

TO

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JOHNSTOWN CASTLE, CO. WEXFORD,

THIS VOLUME

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HER OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

The reader is respectfully requested to pardon a few typographical errors of no moment, which may occasionally appear in some of the following pages.

P R E F A C E .

SOME of the following papers, though never before published in a volume, have occasionally been introduced into my public lectures at different literary, scientific, and musical institutions in Great Britain and America, while a few other essays and thoughts on topics as they came, have appeared in some of the popular periodicals and reviews, in the form of familiar Epistles, or, rather "Random Sketches" of the passing hour.

In my original design of giving to the world the result of my gleanings in the garden of Irish melody and song, no personal consideration impelled me to the task : as an Irishman, I felt proud of those noble monuments which formed a chain of connexion between the by-gone ages of my country and the present time, and

PREFACE.

naturally had a desire to exhibit them to others, at whose instance I have thus been induced to launch again, my tiny bark on the waters of public opinion ;

“ And what I write, I cast upon the stream
To sink or swim—I’ve had at least, my dream.”

The words and music of a few original songs, sonnets, and ancient Irish airs, with introductory remarks, and a letter from THOMAS MOORE, Esq., will be found in an Appendix at the end of the volume.

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IRISH BARDIC REMINISCENCES.

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AMONG the most striking features of the present age, is the political importance now beginning to be attached to music, as a means of modifying the character of individuals or communities. This truth is strikingly exemplified in the extensive patronage bestowed on Dr. MANIZER—HULLAH, &c. The first an enthusiastic professor of his art, who may fairly claim to be the father of the system which seems to have driven the “million” mad, by collecting into classes persons who are very frequently devoid of those important requisites for musical proficiency —taste, voice, and ear.

With respect to the sister art, poetry, it has been said that a poet must be born, not made; in like manner the musician must be brought into the world with that acute perception of emphony which no instructor can give, nor any school teach.

It is for the professor to induct his pupil into the mechanical part of this science; the perception and appreciation of melody must be innate in the student. No one can really be a musician without it. There can be little doubt that this acute sense of melody which has not been inaptly termed "the language of the soul," formed a natural characteristic of the early Irish, inasmuch as when the rest of Europe languished in the darkness and barbarism which succeeded the extinction of the brilliant light shed over the world by the Greek and Roman Empires, the Irish people so far excelled in modulated harmony, as to furnish Italy (now the queen of song,) with the rudimental knowledge of that art, in the cultivation of which she has since become so eminent. The Germans, also, owe much to the same source of knowledge. The enquiry, however, to which we have devoted our present sketch, is the particular period at which the arts of poetry and music became set apart for a separate and distinct class of men—the Bardic race in Ireland, who for many ages, not only united the characters of poets and musicians in themselves, but of legislators and philosophers also—

"Ere the emerald gem of the western world,
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

We do not propose to lay too much stress upon early traditions, though it would be equally unwise to cast

these traditions wholly on one side. It is true the songs and legends of our early bards may have a tendency to bewilder, and the glimmering lights of tradition to obscure our perceptions; but they sometimes lead to the truth, and this forms the best reason for not wholly abandoning them. Whatever may be thought of the early Bardic institutions in Ireland mentioned by historians, there can be no doubt that the Milesian descendants of Iber the Scythian practised on the harp in this country nearly 1200 years before the Christian Era. That their institutions were Druidical is a well ascertained fact; nor is it at all improbable that their origin was in the East, since many passages in Scripture would almost lead us to conclude some affinity between Patriarchal worship and Druidical rites. Abraham, for instance, we are told, planted a grove at Beer-Sheba and there called on the name of the Lord the Everlasting God.—Noah also is claimed by the chronicles of Eri, as a Scythian, and as a further proof of the antiquity of music amongst the ancient Scythes, Scots, Scythians or Irish who claim to be descended from them, we are told by the Holy Scriptures that Jubal the nephew of Noah the Scythian, was the inventor of the harp and organ.

To proceed, however, with the matter more immediately in question, the first mention of BARDS in reference to Irish history, occurs in Warner, and runs as follows:—

“ In the tenth year of the last Belgic monarch, a colony called by the Irish *Tutha de Danan*, of the posterity of Nemadius, invaded, and soon after settled in Ireland. This name, according to some antiquarians, originated from their being divided into tribes. The nobility, so

called from *Tutha* a Lord ; the priests from *Dee*, God, as being devoted to the service of heaven : and the *Danans* poets or bards, from *Dan* a poem ;—the latter composed hymns and sang them in praise of the Supreme Being.” Though this account from the extreme remoteness of the period to which it refers, and the ages of conflict and revolution which have since intervened, must of necessity be weakly supported, it should not be altogether rejected as fabulous and incredible, inasmuch as there are few fables which derive not their origin from some fact.

The next instance we shall mention, on the authority of O’Halloran, is much better supported. It is the invasion of this Island by the Milesians under the princes Heremon and Heber, who were the first of that race who landed here with hostile intent. These princes are said to have conquered the *Damnonians* ; the name seems to confirm the account before given of the Belgic colony *Tuatha de Danon*. Among the ancient bardic relics preserved by Keating, is an antique poem on the first battle fought between the Milesians and Damnonians. Having subdued the country, Heremon and Heber made an equal partition of the kingdom ; they cleared the lands of the woods, with which they were overrun ; erected palaces, and habitations for their chieftains ; the latter raised duns—(not such *duns* as Irish chieftains are prone to raise among the moderns), but a species of fortification. When these princes had settled the kingdom, their brother Amergin assumed the dignity of Arch Druid, and the rank of Ard Filea or *chief bard*, a rank which imposed on him the several offices of historian, judge, poet and philosopher.

The extreme encouragement given to our bards in these early ages, must have naturally excited emulation in the composition of Irish music, and to it may perhaps be attributed their acknowledged superiority in this delightful science. They had privileges denied to every other order in the state, these privileges were amply repaid by the "children of song." They raised the spirit of the nation—in war inspired the hero—in peace civilized the passions—they were in fact the very soul of the festival and herald of the legislature—"like the fiery pillar which preceded Moses in the wilderness"—he was guided by the light of song, and Ireland became as it were harmonized into order.

"According to O'Halloran," says WALKER "there is preserved in the Leabhar Lucan, or Book of Sligo, a beautiful poem on the storm that arose on the second landing of the Milesians, which is attributed to Amergin (though its origin is probably of a much later date.)" In this poem there appears a boldness of metaphor which a cold critic would despise, because it offends against the rules of Aristotle, though the Stagyrite was not then born. The author, to heighten the horrors of the storm, represents the fish as being so much terrified that they quit their element for dry land.

Without wishing to dispute so respectable and distinguished an authority as Mr. WALKER—we may, perhaps, here be permitted to remark that there does not appear to us any reason to suppose that Amergin was not the author of this poem. With regard to the fish being terrified into seeking the dry land by the fury of the tempest, as simply regarded by the poet through the medium of his own natural fears, we can readily account for the

conception. The account of the tempest is corroborated in the Chronicles of Eri, a battle follows, when the Milesians a second time obtain a footing—even this account seems to corroborate the account given by Warner of the colony—called Tuatha de Danan still more closely; and thus carry the history of Irish Minstrelsy to the most remote antiquity.

The passage in the Chronicles is as follows—“The land is now free for the foot of the children of Iber. What if it were explored. None knoweth the limit thereof. After what manner shall we go forth? The *Danan* may prove false. Shall we depart or shall we move together? Thin is our host by the power of Baal—(the God of the Druids). Sru was but his messenger as drought and pestilence. Golan the renowned and mighty could not stand against the mightier Baal. Therefore is our host thin. Colba is beneath the waters of the deep emburied. Ciar can no more hear the sound of Moriad's voice. O that he could! Who but Baal could overcome Ciar the magnanimous? What availeth man against the Almighty?”

We have here perhaps, unworthily, attempted to illustrate this part of our sketch with the following stanzas—after the mode of our early bards, in praise of the valiant departed.

He came. The mighty Baal came
Amid the storm cloud; wrapp'd in flame
He spoke in thunder! And his voice
Made Iber's foes rejoice.

Baal calls—

Golan falls!

The mighty cannot stand against a mightier foe!
Prone on the earth brave Golan is laid low!

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And where is Colba, now ? He sleeps !
The ocean, flowing o'er his breast,
A deluge, weeps
Where Colba is at rest.

O, Colba ! would from battle field
Thou hadst been borne upon thy shield
Ruddy with thy foeman's blood,
Rather than to ocean's flood
Thou hadst been forced to yield !

STRIKE YOUR HARPS ! YOUR VOICES RAISE !
To the mighty Ciar's praise ;
Who the sons of Iber led,
Who for Iber fought and bled,
Who, ere numbered with the dead,
The foeman's rank did break !
Whose sword, a flashing meteor rose
O'er heaps on heaps of slaughter'd foes
A hecatomb to make !
Mourn, mourn, the mighty fall'n ! altho' their death
Be far more grateful than inglorious breath.

Thus the duty of the ancient Bards was to praise the dead and excite the living to deeds of heroism and virtue. To proceed, however, with our subject.

That Ireland was pre-eminent in music for many centuries beyond the nations of Europe, can be established on the authority of the most distinguished historians. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that as early as the 6th century the Welsh and Britons studied music un-

der the Irish Professors in the great College of Armagh, at which, at this time, says Magnetius, there were no less than seven thousand matriculated students. "No nation (says Ward in his dissertation on history) can be found in any part of the world more skilled in music than were the ancient Irish." After Cambrensis had heard the Minstrels who performed at a banquet given them in Dublin by Henry II., he wrote to one of his musical friends in England thus—"Of all the nations within our knowledge, this is beyond comparison the chief in musical composition."

Schools for Bards were, from time immemorial, established in various parts of our country. The most celebrated of these schools were founded at Clogher, Armagh, Lismore, and Tara—and the Colleges which were established by the Christian Clergy in the fifth century were founded on their ruins. Toland tells us, that the peninsula of Iniseogain, or, as it is vulgarly called, Inishowen, in whose isthmus stands the city of Londonderry, was originally a famous school of the Druids. Hence comes the very name Dorie, corruptly pronounced Derry—which, in Irish signifies *a grove*, particularly of oak. This Druidical seminary was changed into a College of Monks by St. Columba. But let us not think that learning was first introduced on the foundation of Christianity. On the invasion of Ireland by the Milesians (to whom we have already alluded in another page), they brought the Punic letter with them, though its use appears to have been restricted to such as were educated to be Ollamhs. This rank of Druids, charged with the education of the Bardic pupils, communicated their instructions *orally*, impressing their tradi-

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tions on the minds of the pupils *without the use of letters*; and instructing them in poesy and song without communicating the means of transmitting their effusions. To this cause we may ascribe their astonishing power of extemporaneous composition—more particularly as what we call rhyme was not in use among our early Bards, though they were perfectly acquainted with rhythm or the symmetrical arrangement of syllables.

The usual period for completing the student, amongst the ancient Druids, was about twelve years; nor were his studies confined to poesy and music only: the young candidate for the Barrad or honorary Bardic Cap was also taught the use of weapons of warfare—his dignified profession entitling him to carry arms, though the respect and esteem in which he was generally held, seldom allowed him to be called on to use them. After he had completed his studies and received the Barrad with the degree of Ollamh, the choice of his profession was determined by the family to which he belonged; and he either became a Filea, a Breitheamh, or a Senecha. The Ollamhain, Re-dan, or Filedhe were (as the name-literally applies) poets. They inculcated the tenets of their religion, or taught devotional veneration for one supreme Being, whose spirit filled and animated all things. By their verses they inspired a thirst for glory—by recounting the actions of past heroes in poems accompanied by their lofty sounding harps, animating the troops before and during an engagement, with martial odes called Rosga Catha; and raised the thundering war song on the ears of youthful warriors, burning with an unquenchable thirst of glory. They sang traditions of heroism modulated to the harp, in the halls of chieftains,

at whose birth-days and marriages they were the *most honoured guests*. Heralds and mediators, by virtue of their office, they were constant attendants in battle—marching in their white flowing robes, their golden harps glittering in their hands, and their persons surrounded by Orfidgah, or instrumental musicians.

While the battle raged it was their duty to watch their chief ; to note his actions and glean matter for their lauditory lays. And though this duty appears of necessity to involve much hazard in its discharge, they performed it in comparative security, from the sacred character in which their calling invested them. We are told by the author of “Lessons for a Prince,” an ingenuous work, avowedly published for the correction of the morals of George Prince of Wales (afterwards Geo. IV.) 1783, as follows :—“ Although it behoved every man to instruct his prince (sings an old *Irish Bard*) it is the particular office of the Filea ; for to him the Prince gives the greatest share of attention. How arduous is the Filea’s task ? For it behoveth him to mark each back-sliding, and not to overlook even a tendency to evil.”

As the Druids performed all the offices of the priesthood, it is not wonderful that many among their body, should have advanced pretensions to the gift of prophecy. Nor is it wonderful they should often predict truly. Men trained to reflect by comparing the past with the present, will at most times be able to form a sufficiently accurate judgment to enable them to predict the future. Causation and consequence reciprocating in almost all cases, and in a manner nearly alike—though this fact at once simple and sublime is overlooked amid the struggles and multiform operations in the general body of

mankind. As among the Ancient Hebrews, the words poet and prophet bore the same meaning, so among the ancient Irish the words "bard" and "seer" were in like manner identified. The following illustrative stanzas for music, have been written after the manner of one of these prophetic Ollamhs—dissuading an ancient king of Ireland from war :—

AIR—"How oft has the Banshee cried?"

I.

Hark! to those wailings dire!
Still speaking heaven's ire!
Ollahms, torn by fear,
Hide them in caverns drear!
The vengeful bolt by Baal driven
The sacred Druid oak hath riven.
This portend, mark, I pray!
Raise not a spear to-day.

II.

The sun rose from the flood,
His bright hair ting'd with blood;
Anon his light did fade,
The cattle sought the shade—
The lordly eagle sank distrest,
To hide him in his roky nest!
These portends, mark, I pray!
Raise not a spear to-day.

Whatever may be thought in our own times of an order of men whose duty consisted in chaunting genealogies and keeping alive the remembrance of public events in their verses, Dean Swift considered that in preserving the memory of times and persons in this respect, the ancient Irish Bards were far beyond our more

refined age of learning and politeness. With respect to the dress of our early bards, some writers affirm that they wore the same colours as the King; Beauford, however, conjectures that they only wore five colours—*White, Blue, Green, Black, and Red.* It is not improbable the party-colored coats of our Heralds have been derived from their predecessors, the bards. The solemnities on the death of a prince or chieftain called for the attendance of every distinct order. The Druid performed the rites of sepulture, the Senecha recited his pedigree, the Caione (*Keen*) was composed by the Filea, set to music by one of the Orfidigh, and sung over his grave by a Recaraide (*Rhapaodist*) to the sound of an hundred harps, the symphonic parts being performed by minstrels who chaunted a chorus at intervals, in which they were joined responsively by attendant Bards and Orfidigh, the relatives and friends of the deceased mingling their sighs and tears. If affinity of custom might be held to prove a common origin for the Greek and Irish nation, their claim in this matter may be granted without a cavil. Thus was Hector mourned—

A melancholy choir attend around
With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound,
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
The obedient tears melodious in their wo—
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart.
And nature speaks at every pause of art.

In the midst of this scene, so solemn and affecting, the Bards were wont to seize the moment when the mind was softened by sympathetic sorrow, and every tremulous passion soothed to peace by the plaintiveness of their music to impress on the minds of their auditors

a reverence for, and imitation of virtue. Though there does not appear to have been any order of female Bards from any authority we have yet consulted, yet it seems they cultivated both poetry and music, whose powers they often employed in softening the manners of a people rendered historically ferocious by domestic hostilities. What unbounded influence must those arts, united with the irresistible sway of female beauty have given the women of these ages ? Accordingly we often find them guiding in secret the helm of the state, and proving the chief cause of great revolutions ; while embattled ranks waited the arrival of expected invaders, women often marched through the lines, animating the troops with suitable war songs, accompanying their voices at the same time with *cruits* or portable harps, such as the Hebrews bore when they danced before the ark.

In reference to the assistance of women on these grand and solemn occasions, in which their sympathies have been enlisted, we may quote the following passage from the Gaelic poem of "Cathluina :—" "The daughter of Morven seized the harp, and her voice of music praised the strangers ; their souls melted before her song as a wreath of snow before the eye of the sun."

Another passage from the poem of "Trathal," bearing on a similar subject, we will take the liberty of quoting :—" The spouse of Trathal had remained in her house, two children rose with their fair locks about her knees. They bend their ears above the harp, as she touches with her hand the trembling string. She stops ! They take the harp themselves : but cannot find the sound which they admired. Why they said, does it not

answer us? Shew us the string wherein dwell the song. She bids them search for it till her return. *Their little fingers wander amid the wires.*"

The last expression is certainly highly poetical. Language, in our humble opinion, could furnish no juster depiction of the efforts of a young and unskilled player than this "*wandering*" of the fingers.

We find from Mason, also, that the wives of the bards sometimes appeared in battle; he says in "*Caractacus*":—

Through our ranks
Our sacred sisters rushed in sable robes
With hair dishevel'd, and funeral brands
Hurl'd round with menacing fury.

But enough has been said to show that females, though they did not constitute an order, were often admitted to participate in Bardic rites.

I have now to call the kind attention of my readers to an interesting historical fact while yet our ancestors languished in pagan darkness. The epoch I allude to is the reign of Ollahm Fodhla, who ascended the throne of Ireland, A.M. 3236, or 768 years before the Christian Era. This legislator, the Lyeurgus of the Irish nation, in founding the Assembly of Tamor Tea, triennially held on the day after the feast of Tamhuin (the Moon), and may be considered as the rudiment of parliamentary government. In this assembly the order of bards called Senechaide, laid their several records before the various orders in the state—the people not excepted. After examination, such as were established facts were ordered to be turned into verse and inserted in the Register or Psalter of Tara. If in this investigation any

Senecha were discovered in the least deviation from truth, he was degraded from sitting in this august assembly. If a falsehood were thus punished among the moderns, how many legislators would have to tremble for their seats.

From this time, at least, the chronicles of Ireland might hope for some credit from posterity; there are, nevertheless, writers who would deny a truth so obvious. Bishop Nicholson, however, calls the genealogical poems of our bards the chief pillars whereon the ancient history of Ireland is founded. Nevertheless, where the absolute power of making laws is confined to any body of men, such a trust is almost certain to be warped to the purposes of party or private interest, and accordingly we find the Brehons so conducting themselves to the inhabitants of Connaught and Munster, that the latter in revenge threatened to exterminate the whole order. Through the good offices of Concover Mac Nessa they were restored.

The following anecdote will perhaps be an interesting illustration of the lofty feelings as well as romantic attachment of the Bards to their patrons. Nothing could chill the warmth of their friendship, nor was it easy to root out any feeling of enmity which might be engendered by contumely or oppression; towards themselves, or the patrons to whom they were attached. The sense of injury predominated over every other feeling, nor would they suffer it to slumber till they had fully matured and perfected their revenge. Ferchertine held the rank of Ollamh Fileá in the halls of Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain who feasted his retainers in splendour within the walls of his castle, on the banks of the Fion-

glaise, in the county of Kerry. He sought and obtained the hand of a lady of transcendent beauty, the fair Blanaid. The lady's heart, however, went not with her hand, as it was an alliance which arose out of the prowess of Conrigh, who in single combat against her favoured knight Congeulionne, had carried her off his prize. Notwithstanding the splendour by which she was surrounded, Blanaid wept the fortune which made her mistress of the halls of Conrigh, and had rather been humbled to a lower state with the knight on whom she had placed her affections. While indulging in this unavailing grief, her former lover found means to gain access to the castle; they met and parted more in love than ever. Forgetful of duty and humanity, the lady consented to follow the fortunes of the knight, provided he could secure her from the future pursuit of her husband, whose powers she dreaded. Congeulionne promised to do so, and finding means to storm the castle, spared neither age nor sex, but inundated its halls with the blood of its inmates. Ferchertine fell stunned, and so escaped the slaughter. Recovering his senses, he pursued Blanaid and her perfidious paramour to the court of Coneover Mac Nessa, determined to sacrifice one, if not both, to the manes of his murdered patron. When the bard, in furtherance of his desperate resolve, arrived at Emania, he found Concovar and his court, together with the amorous fugitives, walking on the top of a rock called Rinchin Beara, enjoying the extensive prospect it afforded. Blanaid for a moment became detached from the company, and stood, wrapt in meditation, on the brow of a cliff that overhung an abyss that looked unfathomable. Secure

of triumph, the Bard approached her with adulatory phrases, covering the secret intention of his mind. Suddenly he sprang forward, and clasping her in his arms, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "Blanaid— perfidious women—thy bard will bear thee to thy basely murdered husband." Vain were the struggles of the shrieking beauty. Ferchertine poised his burthen on the extreme verge of the cliff—the next moment both their bodies were dashed to pieces on the rocks below.*

I am aware that many writers are arrayed against the opinion of the antiquity of Irish music; that many contend the old Bards were totally unacquainted with the laws of harmony until a date comparatively recent. The most formidable of the opponents of the pretensions of the Irish Bards to a practical knowledge of harmony, long ere it was reduced to a science amongst the moderns is, I am sorry to say, Thomas Moore. I shall hereafter have occasion to let the Author of the "Irish Melodies" speak for himself, in another part of this, or a subsequent volume. In the meantime, I give the following story, extracted from the chronicles of Eri, which will show, not only how early the arts of poetry and music were practised among the Irish people, but also its extensive power as a medium of conveyance of passionate feelings. The circumstances happened 355 years before the Christian Era, and are as follow—

Cobthaigh having murdered his brother the King Logthaire, or Lothair, ascended the throne, and in order to retain the power he had so unjustly usurped, put

* Some stanzas for music, illustrative of the above anecdote, will be found amongst the Author's "Miscellaneous Melodies."—London: Metzler and Co.

his nephew Oliol Aine to death likewise. The latter, however, left an infant son, named Mahon, whom the tyrant was induced to spare, by reason of his tender age, and the extreme delicacy of his constitution. When Mahon grew up, he took refuge in the kingdom of Munster—on which Cobthaigh, terrified lest an irruption should be made into his kingdom on behalf of his dispossessed nephew, the more particularly as Moriath, the princess of South Munster, had conceived a passion for the unfortunate prince. Many attempts were made by the wily tyrant to get the prince into his power, but they were all subverted by the ingenuity of Moriath. At length, Cobthaigh won her father to his purpose; when, warned of his danger, by the vigilant care and affection of the princess, Mahon fled to France, where he was promised protection from the reigning power. Averse to a life of inactivity, he led some of his protector's forces into the field, and distinguished himself in several actions. The fame of his valor in arms not only swelled the echoing voice of eulogium in Gaul, but also contributed to add fuel to the hopes of his adherents, while it sensibly touched, with an increasing glow of ardor, that gentle heart in which his vow was recorded, and his image enshrined. Moriath, rendered bolder by the fame her lover had acquired, resolved to stimulate him to an attempt to recover his patrimonial dominions. Filled with this intention, she wrote and composed a song,* confiding it to the care of one of her father's

* Before the use of paper or parchment, the matter on which the Irish wrote was on tablets cut out of a beech tree, and smoothed by a plane, which they inscribed with an iron pencil, called *style*; the letters themselves were

minstrels, Craftine, the harper. The latter, vowing to accord with her behest, sought the court of the Gaul. In that age his profession was a sufficient passport to the presence of royalty; mingling with the minstrels, and striking his harp, he sang the song of Moriath. Mahon heard him, and became apprised of his object. He approached the harper at this summons of love; few words enabled him to comprehend that a crisis was about to take place, and quitting the land of the Gaul with a few companions in arms, made a descent upon the shores of Ireland, where, having slain the usurper Cobthaigh, he ascended the throne of his ancestors, and adorned it with the object of his earliest love—the Princess of South Munster—who had been so long and so ardently attached to him. The song of the harper will form the subject of our next illustration; of which the following is a literal translation, from the original Irish.

“Warrior Prince, son of a thousand Kings of wave-wreathed Erin, hast thou forgotten thine own native land, and the imperishable glory of thy sceptered sires? those Milesian heroes, who were towers of fire in the battle of the valiant? Is the voice of Erin’s harp still dear to recollection and gladdening to the soul of Prince Mahon, the hope of Innisfail?* Listen, oh! Prince, to strains that would speak the sorrows of thy oppressed

anciently termed *Feadhu* (woods) from the matter on which they were written, as well as because they were the names of trees, and this was the practice of other nations before paper and parchment were discovered.—Warner’s *History of Ireland*.

* The ancient name of Ireland.

country, and the wailings of desponding love. Know, then, that Erin, thy country and kingdom, wishes thee, her darling son, to return to the throne of thy fathers, and rescue her from the fangs of usurpation.

"Return! Oh! wandering warrior, return to Green Aelga, and free thy people who writhe in the yoke of despotism. The harps of Tara breathe but the moaning sounds of wo! The oaks of thy forests sigh dismally in the breeze; the echoing rocks of Meath respond but to the lamentations of the Banshee; and the angry ghosts of thy Royal fathers, as they stalk over their pathway of clouds, call upon thee to rouse from thy inglorious apathy, and like them make victory the footstool of thy throne. But if thy country cannot awaken pity in thy breast, surely love will melt thy sensibility to compassion; as the vernal sunbeams dissolve the crystal mirror of the ice-plated Shannon, when hoary winter becomes shocked at the reflection of his own austere features.

"Dost thou still remember Moriath, the maid of thy first love—has absence obliterated the records of thy solemn vow—has another fairer, younger Princess despoiled the heart-shine in which thy young affection placed her image in that unforgotten, blissful, beautified moment, when in sweet whispered words of inspired eloquence, thou passionately assuredst her that thy beloved monarch should be the only divinity that thy feelings and affection should worship. This fondly remembered declaration is the very life of her hope, the bright beacon that shines in the wilderness of her heart.

"Return, oh return, Mahon, to the maid of thy vow—who pines in her lowly bower, as the waves of anguish

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roll their foam over her soul, while she thinks of thee. Thy presence would brighten the darkness of her wo with the rosy light of joy. Oh! Mahon, canst thou resist the double claim of country and of love—while their united voices thus implore thee to fly from a foreign clime, and bring comfort, happiness, and liberty to thy own dear native soil? Come, gallant Prince of the race of heroes, to the halls of thy kingly sires, and at the head of the warriors of Erin, let thy valor and genius irradiate the conflict of fame; let your might be like the spirit of the tempest, uprooting the pines of the hill, and your vengeance as destructive as the mountain torrent rushing in its irresistible rage over the pastoral valley of the husbandman.

“Though Moriath loves thee to the ardour of enthusiasm—and though thy death in the strife of spears would blast the verdure of joy and hope, and leave her miserable and sad, like a lightning-shivered tree on the stormy hill of life, divested of flowers, fruit and foliage—still she would rather be thus bereaved than that her lover should be reproached with the shame of the little soul, or with a want of the courage and bravery which are the inherent characteristics of a Milesian hero. Hasten, then—Oh! hasten—to the green fields which are the scenes of the glorious exploits of thy fathers. Here every object will proclaim thy gallantry; here their spirit will inspire thee with invincible courage, and nerve with supernatural force the martial arm that shall prostrate the sanguinary usurper of thy throne.”

I cannot conclude this essay on the ancient Bards of my country, without a brief notice of the most cele-

brated of all the Gaelic poets of the early ages, OSSIAN.* Ossian, the Shakespeare of the Irish nation; as heir to the dispute respecting whose writings when first given to the public by M'Pherson,† we probably owe the cultivation of Gaelic literature as a branch of science in such a manner as has enabled modern times to trace and justify the claims of the ancient Irish to the possession of the arts of civilization—literature and music—when the crash and downfall of the Roman Empire, east and west, first under the Goths, and lastly the Saracens, had utterly destroyed the remains of civilization and refinement gleaned from the destruction of the Egyptian and Greek Empires. The cavil which arose in the learned world respecting Ossian's works, before their authentication was allowed; the volumes that were written on both sides of the question render his poems too well-known to the general reader to need the appearance of a single quotation. We should, therefore, perhaps crave the kind indulgence of our literary and musical friends for introducing into the present volume "Comala" in a new dress, which, however coarse and unbecoming it may at present appear to the critical world, we hope the "judges" at least will in mercy acquit us of the charge of "wilful murder," until we shall have completed our humble task in adapting the words to ORIGINAL MUSIC.

We have already referred to the opinion of Mr. Moore on the subject of early Irish proficiency in music, and their attainment of what he so learnedly calls "counter-

* See Appendix.

† See Appendix.

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Appendix.

point," which has been alleged by Bunting and others to have been practised and well-known in Ireland long before the rise of the science of harmony on the Continent.

I should be sorry to pass the wholesale condemnation of the plastic nature of the poet of Ireland—for poet of Ireland he is with all his faults—conveyed in the sarcastic observation of the late Lord Byron—"Tommy is very fond of a lord"—denying the existence of any popular airs of a civilized description (at the same time expressly excluding all the ceanans, cries, &c. which he designates *savage*) until the middle of the 16th century. It is not in the nature of things that this should be correct. The use of letters was, as I have already shown, known amongst the Irish people from the primitive ages, and it is out of the order of nature that, with the means of transmitting knowledge from generation to generation, an art so generally practised amongst the people of this country could have utterly and wholly stood still. Let us see with what a flimsy argument he supports this view, which levels the early nationality of Ireland—to gratify the vanity, and pander to the vitiated taste and prejudices of modern times—

"By some of these archaeologists it has been imagined the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauty of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of his eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy to prove that Giraldus knew any thing of the artifice of counterpoint."

* MOORE's Letter to the Marchioness of Donegal—
"Irish Melodies," 3rd Number.

They knew nothing of musical terms. It would be wonderful if they did! How could they? The moderns had not yet stolen the ancient melodies, and applied a new set of terms to inventions which might possibly be as old as the invasion of Heremon and Heber. As well might it be alleged that Roger Bacon knew nothing of Chemistry because Lavoisier has applied a classical nomenclature—or that Botany was not known amongst the English people until Pennant had covered the sterling common-sense of their ancestors with a classical wash of base metal, by which we lose the utility and application of plants and flowers, in a jargon of hard words which the arrogance of modern pedantry has dignified with the sounding titles of order and classification.

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COMALA,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

It has been said that this poem is interesting on account of the light it throws on the antiquity of Ossian's compositions. The Caracul mentioned here is the same with Caracalla, the son of Severus, who, in the year 211, commanded an expedition against the Caledonians. The variety of the measure shows that the poem was originally set to music, and perhaps presented before the chiefs upon solemn occasions. Tradition has handed down the story more complete than it is in the poem. "Comala, the daughter of Sarno, king of Inistore, or Orkney Islands, fell in love with Fingal, the son of Comhal, at a feast, to which her father had invited him (Fingal B. III.) upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan, the son of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on a hill within

sight of Caracul's army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night." The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

CHARACTERS.

WOMEN.

COMALA . .	Daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore.
MELILCOMA	{ Daughters of Morni.
DERSEGRENNA	

MEN.

FINGAL . .	Son of Comhal, and King of Morven.
HIDALLAN . .	One of Fingal's heroes.

BARDS, attending the King.

RECITATIVE—*Dersagrena.*

The chase is o'er, and Arven's echoes sleep,
Save where the torrent thunders down the steep.
Daughter of Morni haste from Crona's streams,
Our songs shall bless the sun's retiring beams.
Lay down thy bow, and bid the harp awake,
Till with its notes the breeze of Ardven shake!

RECITATIVE—*Melilcoma.*

Grey night approaches fast, thou blue-eyed maid,
And dims the distant landscape with its shade :
Now as on Crona's winding banks I stood,
I mark'd a deer half-hid among the wood ;
His dark brown back seem'd thro' the dubious gloom
The mossy hillock of some hero's tomb.

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But soon surpriz'd, the swift deceiver fled,
And meteors play'd around his branchy head,
While from the clouds that hang o'er Crona's stream
The awful forms of other ages gleam !

RECITATIVE—Dersegrena.

Ah ! hapless sight ! these signs too surely tell
That mighty Fingal in the battle fell !
His foes are trampling on the king of shields,
And Caracalla triumph's o'er our fields.
Rise from thy rock, Comala ! rise in tears
Daughter of Sarno ! for too true thy fears !
Low lies the youth that blest thy virgin love,
And o'er our misty hills his ghost is seen to move.

AIR—Melilcoma.

Ah ! there Comala sits forlorn in tears—
Her blue eye gazes o'er the dark'ning vale ;
Two grey dogs near her—shake their shaggy ears,
And sportive try to catch the flying gale.
Her rosy cheek upon her arm reclined—
Her loose hair streaming to the mountain wind ;
Night gathers round, and must the maiden mourn,
O hapless king, thy promised return !

RECITATIVE—Comala.

Wo ! streamy Carun, wo to me !
Thy waters roll in human gore !
Has battle's savage voice been heard by thee ?
Oh ! sleeps the King of Morven on thy shore ?

AIR.

I.

Rise, daughter of the sky, arise !
And through thy cloudy mantle beam !

While on his promised path I feast my eyes,
 And fondly hope to see his sabre gleam.
 Or rather let the meteor red,
 That guides our fathers through the shade,
 Conduct me o'er the mangled dead,
 To where my lover's corpse is laid.

II.

Who now will save my virgin's bloom
 From fierce Hidallin's odious love ;
 My only friend sleeps in the tomb—
 No more his arm for me can move?
 Long may Comala look in vain
 To see her Fingal's manly form,
 Bright 'midst his warriors on the plain—
 As the sun rising through the storm.

AIR—*Hidallan.*

Hide, mist of Crona's gloomy vale,
 O hide the king's lone shaded walks ;
 Let me not hear his voice upon the gale,
 Or meet his awful spirit where it stalks !
 Around his conq'ring steel no heroes throng,
 In wild dismay they fly before the foe.
 O Carun ! roll thy streams along !
 The chief of Morven's warlike race is low.

AIR—*Comala.*

Son of the cloudy night, O tell
 On Carun's sounding banks who fell ?
 Was he fair as Ardven's snow ?
 Blooming as the showery bow ?
 When on the hills bright sunbeams shine ?

Was he terrible in might
 As the thunders of the sky ?
 Was he swift to meet the fight
 As the bounding roe to fly ?

RECITATIVE—*Hidallan.*

Oh ! let me gaze upon his lovely maid !
 Her eye bespeaks the sorrows of the heart—
 Those drooping locks her blushing beauties shade—
 Blow, gentle breeze, those drooping locks to part !
 While I behold her arm white as virgin snow,
 Her cheek suffus'd with tears the loveliness of wo !

AIR—*Comala.*

And is the son of Comhal really dead—
 O cruel herald of the mournful tale ?
 The awful thunder rolling o'er my head,
 The winged lightning darting thro' the vale,
 No more alarm Comala's timid breast ;
 Nor can they break her Fingal's lowly rest.
 O messenger of sorrow, tell
 Was it my conq'ring hero fell ?

Chorus.

Our tribes are scatter'd o'er the mountain heath,
 No more to hear his animating breath !

RECITATIVE—*Comala.*

King of the world, O may the foaming wave,
 Of ruin sink thee in confusion's sea !
 Few be thy steps to an untimely grave,
 And may some wretched virgin mourn for thee !
 May she, like sad Comala waste in tears,
 The strength and beauty of her youthful years.

Why didst thou bring the news, O cruel chief,
 To blast those budding hopes that sooth'd my grief?
 My fancies might have linger'd still,
 And feign'd his image on the distant hill.
 A tree might have deceiv'd my willing sight,
 And pictur'd Fingal through the gloomy night!
 The mountain wind melodious might have borne
 Sweet to mine ear the echoes of his horn.
 O that I were on Carun's banks laid low!
 I'd clasp the here to my breast of wo;
 And pour my sighs in the dull ears of death—
 Tear-bathe his cheeks, and warm them with my breath.

AIR—Hidallan.

He sleeps not on the banks of Carun's stream,
 Yonder on Ardven, heroes raise his tomb;
 Look from thy clouds, O moon, and be thy beam
 Bright on his breast, amid surrounding gloom.
 Shine on his armour of resplendent steel,
 That fair Comala's heart new pangs may feel!

AIR—Comala.

Sons of the dismal grave! O stay,
 And let me see my love, and mourn!
 He left me at the chase to-day—
 With night he promised to return.
 Is this his sad return? heart-rending wo!
 I knew not that he went to meet the foe.
 And thou O trembling Druid of the cave,
 Who saw'st my hero in the bloom of youth;
 Thou know'st the future fortunes of the brave,
 Ah! why not then foretell the fatal truth!

RECITATIVE—*Melilcoma.*

What sound is that on Ardven's gale?
 Who comes resplendent thro' the vale,
 Like the bright glories of the rushing stream,
 When its white waves glitter to the moon's pale gleam.

Chorus.

Who is it but the king of nations proud,
 The son of distant land, Comala's foe?
 O ghost of mighty Fingal, from the cloud,
 Direct the vengeance of thy maiden's bow !

RECITATIVE—*Comala.*

Ah ! it is my Fingal's self, his airy form,
 Amid the awful ghosts that rule the storm !
 Why dost thou come, O spirit of my love,
 With pleasure and with fear my soul to move ?

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Semi-chorus.

Raise, ye bards, the song of praise—
 The wars of streamy Carun raise,
 The foe, defeated, flies the plain
 Where he proudly hop'd to reign.

Trio.

He sets far distant from our sight,
 Like a demon of the night;
 In a flying meteor bound,
 When the dark woods gleam around ;
 And the mountain's angry breath,
 Drives it o'er the dreary heath.

Da Capo, in full Chorus.

RECITATIVE—Fingal.

Methought I heard a voice—O where?
 Or was it but the playful air?
 No : 'tis the maid of Ardven's chase,
 Fairest of Sarno's royal race:
 Look from thy rock, my love, rejoice!
 And let me hear Comala's voice.

AIR—Comala.

To see thy form, to hear thy breath,
 Comala trembles and is blest!
 O take me, lovely son of death,
 Take me to thy cave of rest!

AIR—Fingal.

Come to my cave, the tempests cease,
 Our fields enjoy the sun of peace;
 Come then to my resting-place,
 Maid of Ardven's echoing chase!

RECITATIVE—Comala.

He is return'd ! no ghost before me moves;
 I feel his conq'ring hand—he lives, he loves.
 O let me rest upon my rocky bed
 Until my fainting soul forget her dread !
 Daughters of Morni raise the soothing song,
 And pour the harp's melodious notes along.

DUET—Dersagrena and Melilcoma.

'Mid Ardven's woods, three bounding deer
 Are slain by fair Comala's spear ;
 Between the rocks ascends the flame,
 She waited 'till her lover came.
 O king of woody Morven, haste
 To thy Comala's sylvan feast !

Chorus.

O king of woody Morven, haste
To thy own Comala's feast !

AIR—Fingal.

Sons of song, in joyful lays,
The wars of streamy Carun praise !
And let my lovely maid be blest,
While Fingal is her happy guest.

Chorus of Bards.

Roll streamy Carun ! roll in joy !
The sons of battle fled !
Their prancing steeds no more our fields annoy,
Their wings of pride in other lands are spread.

Trio.

Now shall the moon arise in peace,
Joyous the evening shadows shall descend ;
Our sons shall hear the echoes of the chase,
And in the hall their idle shields suspend ;
Our hands the wars of ocean shall employ,
And Lochlin's blood shall stain them red ;
Roll streamy Carun, roll in joy,
The sons of battle fled !

Chorus.

Our hands the wars of ocean shall employ,
And Lochlin's blood shall stain them red :
Roll streamy Carun ! roll in joy !
The sons of battle fled !

AIR—*Melilcoma.*

Descend ye moonbeams from the skies !
 Descend ye mists that softly roll !
 There cold and pale Comala lies ;
 Bear to the clouds her virgin soul !

RECITATIVE—*Fingal.*

Alas ! is she no more ? the sweet, the beauteous maid,
 Within whose snow-white breast the warm affection
 play'd ;
 O let thy spirit oft come o'er my dreary dreams,
 Or on the lonely heath, or by the mountain streams !

AIR—*Hidallan.*

I.

And is the maid of Ardven's echoing chace
 Silent in death ?
 Alas ! 'twas my revenge ! 'tis my disgrace !
 The poison of my breath
 Blasted the blooming beauties of her face !

II.

Comala ! hapless maid ! where shall I find
 Thy footsteps in the glade ?
 Or see thee swifter than the mountain wind
 Dart from the shade,
 Rejoicing to pursue the dark brown hind ?

AIR—*Fingal.*

I.

Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more
 Shalt thou rejoice in Fingal's hall,

Nor shalt thou chace with him the bristly bear,
 Nor more his foes before thy sound shall fall.
 O lead me to her resting place,
 Let me behold her lovely face:

II.

Ah ! pale she lies upon her rocky bed,
 The cold winds lift the honors of her head,
 Her bow-string to the breeze replies—
 Her broken arrow useless lies.
 Raise, O ye sons of song, Comala's fame,
 And to the winds of heaven repeat her name.

Trio and Chorus.

1st voice.

Lo ! meteors round the maiden stream !
 Lo ! moonbeams lift her soul on high—
 Her father's awful faces gleam,
 Bending from the shadowy sky !

2nd voice.

Fidallan with red rolling eyes,
 And Sarno of the gloomy brow !
 Comala, wilt thou not arise
 And lift thy hand as fair as snow ?

Trio.

O shall our rocks no more rejoice
 In the sweet echoes of thy voice ?

Oft shall the virgins seek in vain
For thee along the heathy plain !
Yet shalt thou come in dreams of rest,
And whisper peace unto their breast.
Long will the sweet impression last,
And they rejoice in visions past.

FINALE in full Chorus.

Now meteors round the maiden fly,
Moonbeams lift her soul on high.

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LANGUAGE AND MUSIC OF ANCIENT IRELAND.

Extracts from a Lecture delivered by the Author, with characteristic illustrations, at the Islington and Cadogan-place Literary and Scientific Institutions, London.

OPENING GLEE—“*Let Erin remember the days of old.*”

Introduction.—Musical tone of the Irish mind.—The Language of Ireland.—Its peculiar characteristics and grammatical construction.—Illustrative song written by the Author, and translated into Irish verse by His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—Dr. Burney on the Scotch scale.—Its resemblance to the Chinese.—Analogy between the Airs of Ireland and China.—Illustrative specimen of the airs of both nations.

IN order to give a faithful outline of the origin, rise, and progress of music in Ireland with any degree of regularity, or with the hope of any particular advantage, it is necessary to commence our enquiries early, with the period in fact at which music and poetry began to exercise their influence over the passions, and to disclose those powers and graces which in following ages have appeared in successive and exhaustless variety. We will therefore proceed to that which must form the foundation of all poetry and song, namely, the language

of the country, that which best conveys the ideas existing in the minds of the people.

The Irish language is as simple as it is original. The pronunciation is not more difficult than that of any other language, but its construction is perhaps more simple than that of languages in general—thus, there is but one article—there are but two genders, similar to the Hebrew or the French—there is but one form of regular verb, and in its conjugation of the indicative mood, there are but the simple tenses of the present, past, and future. Indeed, he who understands the use and application of the particles of the Irish language, may be said to be an adept. They change the meaning of a sentence so interestingly, so completely, and sometimes so unexpectedly when used by mistake, that wit, humour, and *double entendre* are the necessary result, and the true foundation of what are commonly called “Irish bulls.”

It is the opinion of many distinguished writers that the Irish language can be better modulated to music than any other language in Europe. But, alas! the language of the “land of sweet sounds, and airs that give delight and hurt not” is now but seldom heard. For seven hundred years the harmony of that language has ceased. Those who gave it harmony are no more!

“No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells.”

Ireland’s bards and her minstrels are gone. Her language almost forgotten by herself, and proscribed by other nations, is now the language of the vulgar, and when we hear it from their lips, we forget that it has

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been the language of the hero—the noble—the philosopher and the poet;

On leaving Ireland some few years ago to visit America, I wrote the following farewell stanzas—or song of sorrow—which subsequently had the distinguished and exalted honor conferred on them of being translated into Irish with “Moore’s Melodies,” by that celebrated and accomplished Irish scholar and prelate—the Archbishop of Tuam.

FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

*National Air.**

I.

In tears I leave thy emerald plains,
Land of bards and bravery ;
Oh ! when wilt thou fling off those chains
That bind thy sons in slavery ?
In early youth I felt the chain,
Which tyrants cast around me ;
And viewing its links with bleeding pain,
I cursed the hands that bound me.

II.

With thee, green land, I’d still remain
If freed from bonds I so much scorn,
This heart’s hush’d chords should wake again
In songs of praise where I was born.
“ But go”—fate cries—“ thou shalt not stay—
In Erin’s cause, go strike thy shell ;
Where freedom’s shield will guard thy lay :
Go ! bid thy native land farewell !”

* This is the exquisite air to which MOORE has written the beautiful song commencing, “As slow our ship with foamy track.”

[*Translation.*]

Slain le h-Einne.

I.

Le deðna tñr na ȝairze 'r nañ,
 Do mæta tneigim, ȝlar faoj blat;
 Ce am to bñliffir tlabrajdæ tean,
 Le b-fuji do clan man rclab d4 ȝ-cr4d?
 An m'ðize ȝnjetir ȝnjø zac ball
 Aiz 4illzead aŋ t'labrað o'fájz mo hñm;
 'Saij bañjde aiz fuji do ȝzán le feall,
 tuȝ mallaðt do ðeán-heart a láñ.

II.

D'fanfajn ran "Inre ȝlar zo deo,
 Da m-bejðin a ȝuiþreæjze" muatimari tlán;
 'S bejðearð tēata tñom' mo ȝrojde ariþ beo,
 Aiz molað m'áit duðcaj, le ȝut dán;
 Aðt fáð o tā re 'n-dán aŋ fjað;
 'S buajl ruar aŋ ȝnujz zo Ejjunn ȝr4ðað;
 A ȝ-cr4t m'bejðearð raorra aŋ man rciat;
 Mo tñr 'r mo ȝeanc tlán leat zo bñat!

The subjoined remarks from the learned and illustrious Irishman who has thus honored our humble effusion with such an unmerited mark of distinction, may not be uninteresting—

"The powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require any elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated

music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country, furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published Minstrelsy of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to both of whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations, for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully laboured to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader, familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was, alas ! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression, as to be almost extinguished ; whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers ; and whether it lighted on the valleys, or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

" Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful, and in our popular songs in the native dialect, passages

might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient muse transmitted through the Irish language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connexion. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To MOORE our native music shall ever be indebted, for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich Oriental drapery, with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical saloons of Europe, nay, sometimes adorned in a foreign costume; but no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism and sauctity of its children. To introduce those melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled, will be doing a service to the taste and morality of the people; how much more so, when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue which those selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply."

It may, indeed, well be observed, that there is no-

thing of which an Irishman may more justly feel proud, than the beautiful melodies of his country. From time immemorial myriads of wild and irregular, yet beautiful airs have existed in Ireland; and from generation to generation many of those melodies have been preserved floating in the memory of the people—from father to son—and on the harp strings of our minstrels have been transmitted from the remote ages of antiquity—as a “bard’s legacy”—the history of which is either lost, or incorrectly recognised through a confused series of traditions. Many of those wandering airs

“Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded truth
That they were born for immortality.”

have never been committed to notation, and are still to be found in different parts of our country in all their original simplicity and freshness.

Convinced of these facts, shortly after my return from America, I made a general musical tour throughout Ireland, for the sole purpose of procuring from among the peasantry and private individuals, melodies which had not previously been committed to notation; and while thus agreeably employed, I found that many of those ancient airs of my country were accompanied with legends and traditions which lent them additional interest and beauty.

In reference to the origin of the more ancient melodies of Ireland and Scotland, there have been numerous speculations and conjectures. Some attribute their invention to the Celts, some to the ancient Britons or Romans, while others assign the honor to Fergus who was sent over to Scotland by the people of Ireland in

the fifth century, and so remarkable is the affinity between many of the airs of Ireland and Scotland, that both nations have frequently claimed the same tune.

By analyzing the ancient melodies found among the people of Italy, France, Germany, and in Hindostan, Persia, the Islands of the Indian Ocean, Africa, and even China, it is discovered that these melodies are formed upon a certain simple scale of sounds, which is dictated and rendered agreeable by a common law of nature—and this scale, too, is substantially the same as that on which the most elaborate and artificial music of the present day is built, the latter being only rendered more extensive and complete; thus showing that music is deeply laid in nature, and in the human soul, and found to be the same throughout the world. But the chief characteristic quality of a genuine Irish melody is its peculiar adherence to the genus of the Chinese scale, in which both the 4th and 7th of the key are omitted.



"The Chinese scale," says Dr. Burney, "take it in what way you will, is certainly very Scottish." He tells us that he was assured by Dr. Lind, who resided several years in China, that all the melodies he had heard there bore a strong resemblance to the old Irish and Scotch tunes, and he further states that he was favoured with several airs that were brought from China, all of which confirm the strong affinity between them.

the affinity between Scotland, that is among the in Hindostan, China, Africa, and America, melodies are sounds, which common law of only the same as official music of only rendered that music man soul, and world. But the Irish melody is Chinese scale, are omitted.

and those of Ireland and Scotland, by the omission of the 4th and 7th of the key.

From this strange coincidence it has been advanced by writers of no mean authority, that Ireland had her music from China.

Of the analogy between the melodies of the two countries there is certainly a striking demonstration exhibited in the following examples. The first, a very ancient Irish air, entitled "AND WHAT IS THAT TO HIM," in which the 4th and 7th of the key are omitted. The second, a CHINESE air, taken from Rousseau's Dictionary, where by mistake of the engraver, no doubt, two F's are inserted in the third bar of the melody, instead of two E's.

Irish Air.

Cao ē ryn do'n te ryn?

Slow.

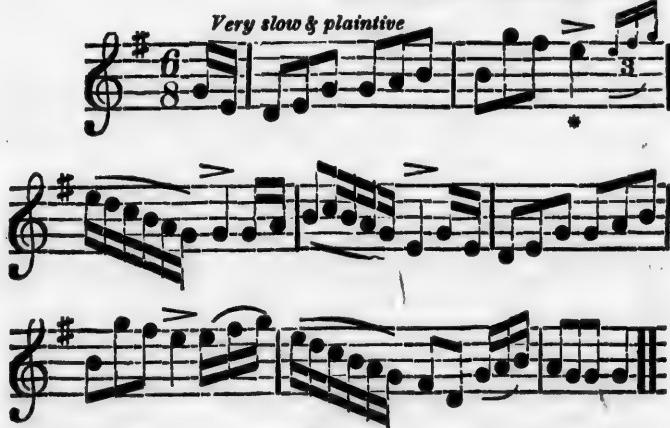
The musical notation consists of four staves of music. The top staff is labeled "Slow." and contains four measures of music in G major. The subsequent three staves are identical, each containing four measures of music in G major. The music is written in common time, with quarter notes and rests. The first staff uses a treble clef, while the subsequent staves use a bass clef. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

Chinese Air.

Bunting, the distinguished compiler of the traditional music of Ireland, seems to think that these *omissions* are not the true tokens of Irish national and ancient music; they occur in some airs, not in all, and yet all are equally characteristic, all equally Irish; and some, marked, he says, by the uniform *presence* of both those tones (4th and 7th) are the most ancient of all—as in the following example—

Irish Air.

Author and date unknown.



* Major sixth.

By this it certainly does appear that the feature which in truth distinguishes *all* Irish melody, is not as Bunting observes, the negative omission, but the positive and emphatic presence of a particular tone, and this tone is that of the *submediant* or *major sixth*, which we find in almost every genuine Irish air, and particularly in those ancient melodies of the Celtic tribes, who inhabited Ireland and the northern parts of Scotland—tribes who resembled each other so much in language, in manners, in the music which they sung, and in the valor with which they fought, that they may be considered as one people.

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IRISH WIT, VALOR, AND MUSIC.

Extracts from a Lecture delivered by the Author at the Hanover-square Rooms, London—with characteristic musical illustrations.

OPENING TRIO AND CHORUS,
“*Erin Mavourneen, Erin go Bragh.*” *

OUR lecture has opened with an humble musical tribute to the nation, the peculiarities of whose inhabitants I am about to treat: a people so replete with the noblest attributes of humanity, as not unfrequently to join the greatest wit with the most extreme simplicity, but even to strain the practice of virtue till it assumes the character of a fault—a people, who though oppression, misrule, and wretchedness be eternally present to their senses, are yet spirited enough to unite mirth with misery, and defy the corroding tooth of the canker-worm care—a people, who in the midst of sufferings the most dire, will snatch moments of sunshine, and, though they cannot hope for permanent happiness, will seize and love the mirth that helps to rob their sad destiny of its keenest sting. The gift of wit, and a strong feeling of optimism are proverbial among the Irish people, and may be said to serve them in lieu of the more solid advan-

* The words and music of this song, written and composed by the Author, will be given in the Appendix.

tages in life. With the philosophy of the Dutch seaman, who, in falling from the mast head had the misfortune to break his leg—the Irishman will thank God it was not “his neck!” Yet how utterly dissimilar in character from the phlegmatic Hollander. The Irishman is only phlegmatic to his own sufferings; depict to him the sufferings of another, and his energies will be instantly roused in the cause, and though, in his hurry to render assistance he may blunder, and occasionally emulate the over officious footman in snatching up his mistress’s periwig, and clapping it on hind part before—the very blunders he makes prove the warmth of his heart! the humanity of his disposition! Nor are the gifts of wit and imagination confined to any particular class of the Irish people—they pervade all ranks—and brilliantly sparkle in every section of society. While wit pervaded the humbler classes, Lord Norbury and others were noted for carrying their humour even into the judgment seat; and the splendid effusions of Curran’s imagination were widely and universally acknowledged. The latter, dining one day with Sir Jonah Barrington, that judge, like many persons fond of logical disquisition, could not endure that facetiousness should be mixed up with serious argument, and took umbrage at Curran’s use of the word, “nothing.” “What do you mean Curran?” asked Sir Jonah. “Not any thing,” replied the wit. “Of course!” said the judge, “you cannot define nothing.” “Pardon me, Sir Jonah,” said Curran, “when I assert nothing to be capable of a perfect definition.” “How?” cried the judge. “By analogical reasoning,” returned the wit of the bar—“It is like Paddy Flanagan’s stocking, which has nei-

ther leg nor foot to it." Piqued by the laugh that followed this sally, Sir Jonah's brow became clouded, which Curran perceiving, made the *amende honorable*, by proclaiming the judge to be the least susceptible to passion of any of his colleagues on the bench, "since *nothing* could put him out of temper," when Sir Jonah joining in the laugh, harmony was restored.

But for loftier flights of fancy, who could compare with the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan? His written wit is abundantly proved by his undying offerings to the comic muse; his senatorial wit comes combinante with elegance, and is carried out with the most vivid felicity of depiction. In the debate on the Regency Bill, proposed on the first unfortunate aberration of George III. (1788) when Mr. Pitt (then Prime Minister) proposed to remove the patronage of the Royal Household from the Regent, granting the latter the mere patronage of the political advisers of the crown—a trick resorted to, to prevent the Whig favourites of the Prince of Wales from coming into office with a parliamentary majority, Sheridan broke into the following felicitous illustration, "Supposing the country party, as it is now called, to change places with their opponents, it would certainly be a novel sight to see a popular leader of opposition with a body guard of court scullions, and the surly patriot attended by the laced liveries of the royal pages. My fancy," continued he, "presents the ex-minister coming down to this honorable house in state with the cap of liberty on the end of a white wand, a retinue of black and white sticks attending him, and a guard of beef-eaters marshalled by the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse clearing his

way through the lobby." After pithily asking, "if it is supposed that his Majesty's feelings will be more shocked to find his household changed, than that part of his dominions have been ceded to foreign potentates, or any other essential calamity or disgrace had been entailed upon the Empire;" he proceeds, "when therefore it shall please Almighty God to restore our Sovereign to the use of his faculties, and he shall enquire as a parent, how the ministers have treated his son? Is he to be satisfied with hearing that his Master of the Horse is safe? If as a sovereign he shall ask who heads our fleets and armies? Is he to be informed that his scullions are marshalled by the same chiefs as formerly. Or, if he is anxious with regard to the Civil List Revenue? Is he to be made easy with being assured that the state of the Court Calendar has been preserved entire?" This extract has been made merely to illustrate the wit of Ireland, and not with any intentional allusion to politics. Wit is of no party, and the splendid genius who uttered this effusion is now no more. Peace to his memory! May the recollection of his brilliant qualities only survive him, and his faults be forgotten in his epitaph. In the same debate another distinguished Irishman, the highly gifted and patriotic Edmund Burke, makes use of the following hyperbole—"The danger that has been talked of if we were to address the Prince to take the Regency upon him," says he, "reminds me of the giant who used to swallow a dozen windmills every morning, for breakfast, and was afterwards choked by a small bit of butter in July." We have here two specimens of pure Irish wit—conceived in the most refined taste, and uttered in the most elegant

language. Having already given an illustration of the senatorial wit of Sheridan, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that though his countryman, the deservedly celebrated Author of "THE IRISH MELODIES," has somewhat unkindly laboured hard to prove the deceased dramatist an industrious and plodding compiler of *bon mots*, who occasionally borrowed something more of his friends than their money, and retailed their smart sayings as his own—I hold it impossible that his senatorial witticisms could have been compiled, and from the fact that they rarely occurred in set speeches. Witness the sarcasm with which he denounced the apostacy of his friend and countryman, the illustrious Author of "The Sublime and Beautiful," when led by an innate though somewhat perverted sense of duty and propriety, the latter quitted the Whig party to arrange himself in defence of the Crown on the outbreak of the first sanguinary revolution in France. The celebrated Charles James Fox, moved even to tears by the resolution avowed by one who had so long been his coadjutor, offered concession in vain. Sheridan, on the contrary, by his lively wit and powerful eloquence, drew so ludicrous a picture of their turn-coat friend, that Burke unable to contain himself, rushed across the floor of the House of Commons, and exclaimed with his usual vehemence of tone and gesticulation, "I quit the camp—I quit the camp!" Sheridan, pausing in the midst of the torrent of eloquence he was pouring on the ear of the honorable members, looked significantly at his quondam ally, and said, "I hope the honorable gentleman who quits the camp as a deserter, will not return to it as a spy." This splendid sally, which set the house

in a roar of laughter, could hardly have been compiled. Sheridan's wit was natural, and he had a flow of humour that never deserted him. When Wm. Pitt was introducing the Dog Tax, Mr. Sheridan was returning from a brandy bout in the refreshment rooms, and as the minister was speaking the words "I move a further tax on dogs"—our wit stooped down, and touching the tendon of Pitt's leg with his finger and thumb, uttered the interjection "Wough," as if yelping out the indignation of the canine race at the burden about to be imposed on their unfortunate species. The minister started in terror—while the house was convulsed with merriment. This celebrated individual, famous at once as a statesman and a wit, was also a poet of no mean pretensions, and may claim credit of having piloted the way for Thomas Moore, by the sweet native melodies of Ireland he introduced in his standard Opera of the *Duenna*. Kelly, by the by, gives the credit of the dirge music in Pizarro to Sheridan (borrowed from the Bardic recollections of our wit), while DR. ARNE for many years enjoyed an undeserved celebrity for melodies not his own, but derived from the Reminiscences of Ancient Irish Minstrelsy by this famous orator, statesman, poet, and comic writer.

The same quickness of feeling, or aptitude of spirit, that renders Irishmen witty, disposes them to a passionate admiration of poesy and song: and has contributed more than any other cause to the preservation through so many years of our traditional and national music. And as the heart which wakes to melody seldom slumbers to the more martial feelings which animate the human breast, it is perhaps in this attachment to their

native melodies that we may trace the rudiments of that disposition which has contributed to place Irishmen pre-eminent in the ranks of **VALOUR**, and caused them to occupy the very fore-front of the battle in every service in Europe. Let liberty be the theme of the Bard's effusion, and the eye of the Irishman, how low or illiterate soever, gleams as if he would verify what the Scripture predicts of the latter days, literally sell his garment to buy a sword. Let humanity be the subject, the best blood in his heart accompanies the poet in his outpouring. Be the topic love, his affection follows the theme, and keeps true time to the instrument that awakens him to the feeling. In short, the denizen of nature, amid a world of seeming, the poor but honest Irishman is often doomed to find himself at fault with society, and stare in simplicity to think of the cunning of mankind, wondering to discover that plain yes, and plain no, may be made to have more meanings than the construction he finds placed on them in his vocabulary. Hence our too credulous peasantry are apt to take for granted every assertion made by pretended sympathisers in their wrongs and sufferings—and thus frequently become not only the dupes of hypocrites, who purposely mislead them, but too often fall victims to their own warm and generous feelings, consecrating by their martyrdom **THE LIE** which has been arrayed by their orators in the garb of truth. Ample verification of this melancholy fact may be found in nearly all those political movements which are at once the bane and curse of Ireland.

The altered circumstances of unhappy Ireland have destroyed much of the romance which tended to pre-

serve her national music ; reducing the peasantry to the condition predicted by the fair Italian whom the King of Spain threatened to cast into a dungeon on her refusal to sing in his presence—"Tell his majesty," said the spirited Donna, in answer, "that by doing so he will be much more likely to make me *cry*"—a condition to which thousands who were formerly enabled to be cheerful over the scanty produce of a scrap of land, are for the most part reduced. Yes, I may say, hundreds of thousands of the Irish peasantry are moved by incentives which impel them rather to *weep* than *sing* ; and this, operating with other causes, will have a natural tendency to obliterate the remembrance of that music which has been emphatically styled "the melody of the heart." To the peasantry of Ireland have the most eminent collectors of Irish music been indebted for native melodies that otherwise had been forgotten. It is true that the *new* gentry, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, came forward to the aid of the minstrelsy and music of the country ; but they did little or nothing, and after a flourish of trumpets, intended rather to display their own vanity than effect any permanent object, the harpers were left to grope their way to the grave, heart-broken and neglected. Alas ! the school proposed in 1792 to promote the study of the national instrument faded into thin air ! Even the peasant race who cherished the expiring lays of the

"Land of bards and bravery,"

is now no more ! The glory of the Irish harp has become a mere recollection, while the instrument itself is the property of by-gone days. Yes, few and miserable

were their number at the commencement of the present century, when commerce had sprung up to dissipate the wild dream of romance in which they had been nurtured, by awaking these children of song to the cold realities of life, and imposing that eternal necessity to struggle for the bare means of subsistence, which must ever be the lot of the many where commerce rules or where trade usurps an empire.

Varied as the character of the Irish people is, their national music—now deepening into pathos—now swelling into sublimity—now glowing with tenderness—now wooing the nods, becks, and wreathed smiles in which your own poet has arrayed the Hebe of Jove! At all times animated and at all times elegant! so that in the melodies of dear unhappy Erin, we may truly be said to trace the mental form, figure, and disposition of the Irish nation. Indeed, so identified in character is the Irishman with his NATIONAL MUSIC, that this circumstance will be found to furnish the best evidence not only of its genuineness, but also of its power; since it would appear from our premise that the minstrelsy of other days gone by, formed and modulated the Irish character to that romantic pitch of enthusiasm which taught them when young to run riot on the humanity of the heart, forgetful that the stimulous derivable from a warm and sensitive soul is often sufficient to distract the head from the trammel of reason, or what is perhaps a better term, COMMON SENSE.

What I have said with respect to Dr. ARNE and the music in "The Duenna," will apply to SHIELD, as to the airs which he pilfered without remorse or acknowledgment. Indeed, all the composers of melodies of his

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day, borrowed largely from a source which seemed inexhaustible. Besides there were circumstances existing in the time of the last mentioned composer which forced as it were the Irish Melodies more fully on his attention. As in the case of Dr. ARNE we find the recollections of SHERIDAN prompting the composer, so in that of SHIELD we find Mrs Kenedy, a vulgar Irish singer, giving a bias to his mind in favour of the native minstrelsy of Ireland. Her fine deep tones made her voice peculiarly applicable to the more impressive notes of the melodies in which she delighted; while her magnificent organ by its sweetness, compass, and variety gave due and thrilling effect to its upper tones. Mrs. Kenedy—like the great CATALINI—or “Kate Delany, the Waterford Girl.” (as some of our musical friends have claimed her)—had not a regular musical education, but such was her natural power that she established as it were, by her singing, a new school of composition, which may be found on reference to the various operas in, as well as in those which immediately followed, her time. O’KEEFFE, too, another Irishman and dramatic writer, contributed in no small measure to the public delight by the introduction of many native melodies of his country; so that long before the work known as “*Moore’s Melodies*” was published, the ear of the public had been rendered familiar with the most choice *morceaus* of the native airs of Ireland, in a more *natural* garb, perhaps, than that in which they proceeded from the pens of *Moore* and *Stevenson*, but nevertheless delighting the audience by the wild bursts of mirth, or softer modulations of melancholy which pervaded them.

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

No. 1.

Exeter Hall Harmonic Society.—Prince Albert a Composer.—Sacred Music.—Sphor's "Last Judgment."—Increasing passion for music among the English people.—Fashionable Education.—Composers and performers on musical instruments contrasted.—Arrival of Henri Herz in London.—Sketch of his character.—Analogy between his style of playing on the piano-forte and the peculiar character of his compositions.—Herz a *lion* at the London *soirees*.—Letter from Henri Herz.—Musical education in France and England contrasted.—Anecdote of a musical genius.—Laws for conferring musical degrees, and qualifications for obtaining them.—Musical education at boarding schools.—Melancholy results of female teachers.—Their general ignorance of music as a science.—Rules for the attainment of grace, expression and finish in learning the piano-forte.—Reformation in musical education.

THE first performance of the season by the "Sacred Harmonic Society" took place on Wednesday evening last at Exeter Hall, before a most crowded audience. After Handel's occasional overture was played, a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, were performed, and greatly admired—not because they were composed by a prince, but on the score of their own intrinsic merit. Music has a language of its own, and tells alike in the cottage of the poor, in the halls of the great, and in the palace of the prince. The voice parts were exceedingly well and judiciously

written ; which in *sacred music* should always form the leading feature. Nothing could exceed the rich simplicity with which my friend and favourite *Illustrator*, Miss BIRCH, gave all the pieces in which she warbled. Her pure *soprano* told with thrilling effect in a delicious air of Handel's. Miss Dolly's fine *contralto* was also conspicuous in many parts, but particularly so in a *motet* by Mozart—whose inimitable Masses, and other sacred compositions, cannot be executed without the assistance of first-rate *female voices*. It is quite absurd to imagine that such music can be sung by the *squeaking* “treble pipes” of illiterate little boys—(such as we sometimes hear in country chapels and cathedrals)—who render such music ridiculous, and make a complete burlesque of what was intended by its author to be sublime and beautiful, giving glory to the Most High ! The second part consisted of *Sphor's LAST JUDGMENT*—a work replete with high wrought passages of grandeur and sublimity,

“Untwisting all the threads that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

A passion for music is rapidly increasing among all classes of the English people, and would increase still more if the public were provided with efficient instructors. Teachers of music in London are innumerable. The majority of these men are foreigners, who from sheer necessity learn to perform a few *tricks* on the piano or guitar, and by teaching *bad French* and *German* insinuate themselves into the favour of respectable families, where they are permitted to lead their pupils, or rather victims, into the most unmeaning

and ridiculous labyrinths of what is now a days called *fashionable education*!!!

In this country every one learns music, not in order to know it, but because it is *fashionable* to have such and such a famous performer for teacher. It is too true that the people in England learn music as a matter of routine, ~~and seldom~~ with any ultimate view; but as to public performers, they, as masters, are necessarily confined to a few; and *vont mieux* for the many—for not one-fourth of them know how to instruct, though they command from a guinea upwards per lesson, for as many hours as they may choose to employ.

Practising an art and communicating its principles are two things widely different. The talent for both is rarely united in the same person. "There have been," says Higgins, in his admirable work on "Sound, and Musical Composition," "in this and other countries, many justly celebrated musical performers who have had scarcely any claim upon the attention of polite, not to say educated society, except for their skill in giving sound to a wild imagination. We do not hesitate to say that we can perceive no difference between the fame of a man who is nothing more than a mere *performer*, or what is called a skilful musician, and one who is an expeditious conjuror; and we would prefer an ingenious blacksmith to either. But when we consider the proud honor of the musical composer, ranked in all ages with the poet, we discover that music is more than an art; it demands the aid of the intellect as well as the fingers."

The personal influence of Weber, Sphor, Mendellshon and other distinguished composers who have resided at various periods in England during the last thirty years,

has taught us to know the difference between composers of music and mere players on musical instruments, and MENDELLSHON having been the frequent and intimate guest of royalty, is now no longer a matter of surprise.

When Henri Herz first visited London during the season of ——, his apartments in Great Marlborough-street, where we first had the honour of becoming acquainted with the great *artiste*, were literally besieged by the mothers and daughters of the aristocracy, bargaining and imploring the celebrated master to give "*finishing lessons at any price!*" and *fee-nishing* lessons, as he used to say, with a smile and a shrug, he gave them *con amore*, while showers of sovereigns were being poured into his coffers from night till morn—

“From morn till dewy eve.”

But in vain, alas! did he try to teach, or rather *unteach* in a few weeks or months, those “spoiled children” and would-be *finished* young ladies, whose vulgar errors and vitiated habits of false taste, the labour of years could not reform!

Naturally inclined to elevation of thought, and yet launched in early life into the vortex of pleasure and the great world, Herz has thrown into his music a certain boldness and brilliancy highly indicative of his character as an *artiste*, and a charm redolent of the natural gaiety of his heart. The analogy between his style of playing and his compositions was always striking. Every thing at once indicated the musician, and the man of genius. His peculiar touch, and tone, and execution were marked by the greatest delicacy, correctness, and grace; and his tender and pathetic *adagio* movements, were always

free from that cold mathematical precision which is destructive to effect, and only practised by mere mechanics, musical tradesmen, whose performances, together with themselves, may be ranked among the most fatal obstacles to the progress of the art in this and the sister kingdom. But such men as teachers are generally recognised and supported by ignorant uneducated people of no discrimination, who after a few months tuition appear quite satisfied that their *accomplished* daughters have received a first rate "*finishing touch*," when little Lucy, or Patty the pet, can mount her chair at the piano, and rattle off a gallop or quadrille for the company ! !

It was during the brilliant season to which we have already alluded, that our friend Herz was in the zenith of his glory as the bright and leading star of *note* and attraction, at all the fashionable soirees in the great metropolis, at some of which, we have sometimes had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished *artiste*, where his unassuming manners, amiable disposition, and transcendent talents made him

“ The favoured guest
“ Of every gay and brilliant throng.”

One evening at his own apartments, where some of the most delightful and profitable hours of my life were spent, while we were discussing the merits of different musical celebrities, he spoke in terms of high commendation, of the talents of his favourite pupil, a young Irish lady, a Miss. C., who had originally taken lessons from him at Paris, I naturally and anxiously expressed a desire to hear her, in a composition which had just been in-

scribed to her by the composer himself. Our conversation thus turning upon authorship, I also requested that he would at his first convenience give me his candid and impartial opinion of a few of my juvenile attempts at composition, which had been left for his inspection. Some few days after, I received from him the following polite and courteous, but too flattering note, which I trust, I may be pardoned for introducing into this random sketch.

" 22, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-ST.
Vendredi, 24th.

CHER MONSIEUR—Je me dépêche de vous écrire pour vous faire connaître mes sentimens ; j'ai lu vos compositions, et j'en suis enchanté ; en un mot, je ne sais pas pour exprimer la joie qu'elles m'ont données. Je serai chez moi ce soir entre 7 et 8 ou demain avant midi ; si une de ces heures peut vous convenir je serai charmé de vous voir ; et j'aurai beaucoup de plaisir en vous accompagnant chez M. Colston, Orchard street : afin que je puisse mieux entendre la musique de votre poésie.

Veuillez agréer Monsieur,

L'assurance de mes sentimens les plus profondes,

De ma considération la plus distinguée,

Et d'amitié amitié la plus sincère,

HENRI HERZ."

But I was going to observe that in the method of musical instruction commonly pursued by teachers in general, throughout England and Ireland, those important and essential features in piano-forte playing, viz.—*tone, touch, articulation, accentuation, phrasing*, and

all those lights and shades of taste and feeling which give expression and grace to a performance, but which are not to be acquired hastily, nor in the ordinary mode of teaching, are almost wholly neglected, and particularly among families who reside in the country, and who, in lieu of regular professors, foolishly permit lessons in music to be given by some giddy, half-educated governess, who perhaps never received a lesson from a master in her life, but whose flash advertisement in *the Times*, or some other popular paper, in which she modestly proposed to teach in addition to the usual routine of English, French, and *Drawing* on the pockets of credulous, unsuspecting parents, *the piano* and *thorough bass*, induced them to engage her "for the children" !!!

Matters of this sort are much better managed in France, where females, before they are permitted to teach, must undergo a strict examination as to their proficiency in music, and their ability to teach it; for it by no means follows that because a person can play a few *Fantasias*, acquired by endless repetition on a piano-forte or any other instrument, that she is therefore qualified to impart proper instruction to others. Performing on an instrument, and communicating its principles, are as we have already observed, two things widely different. The following interesting "*anecdote* of a *musical genius*" taken from a periodical published in Paris, may serve to illustrate this part of our sketch.

"Some years ago a peasant girl, about twenty-two years of age, with an intelligent look, and a modest, yet resolute bearing, went to the Grand Vicar of a diocese, and told him, that having heard speak of his kindness for young women who destined themselves to teaching,

she begged of him to interest himself for her. "But my child," said he, "to have the right to teach you must obtain a diploma, and for that must submit to examination. Have you received the necessary instruction?" "In my infancy I learned to read and write, then I was sent as an apprentice to a dressmaker, and at present I work at that business, going from farm to farm, for six sous a day. But my needle does not get me food enough, for I lose time thinking how I shall become a musical governess. I believe, Monsieur Le Grand Vicar, that I should pass tolerably through the proofs; for on my return home from my work, I have some time past spent part of my nights, and great part of my Sundays, in studying books and music, which I bought with my earnings. But I beg of you, sir, to be kind enough to examine me; you shall be my judge, and you will tell me frankly if I can hope to obtain the brevet of the superior degree!" "Good God! you do not think of it! That is a very different thing! To deliver this brevet the examining committee is much more severe. You must answer in all parts of musical grammar, theory and counterpoint; know vocal harmony, and finally be capable of writing a composition, and of performing on an instrument. I fancy that you have neither learnt the piano nor the harp." "No! but does the law, Monsieur l'Abbe, absolutely require the piano or harp?" "No; the law says that the candidate must know sufficient music to play on an instrument. Those which I designated are ordinarily the instruments which are studied by young persons in the schools. That is why I spoke to you of them. I think, however, that the examiners might be satisfied if you knew the guitar." "Ah! well,

Monsieur l'Abbe, since the law requires the candidate to know music, without designating the instrument, I am satisfied, for I have learnt to play on an instrument;" and she pulled out a flageolet. The grand vicar burst out laughing. The girl blushed a good deal; but fancying the venerable ecclesiastic only laughed because he thought she must play ill, she performed an air of her own composition with such skill as to astonish her hearer. He had the complaisance to examine her, and was astounded on seeing what a rare degree of instruction she had obtained by her own efforts alone. He declared without hesitation that she might in full confidence present herself at the examination. He, however, obtained a dispensation for her with respect to playing on the flageolet, as he knew that the examiners [and candidates] could not refrain from laughing at such an exhibition. The examining committee were as much astonished as the grand vicar had been at the varied and profound knowledge of the young peasant. She was received unanimously."

But it is in what are called "Boarding," or rather *boring* "schools" for young ladies in England, that all these vicious and destructive habits of false taste and vulgar errors in musical education are commonly communicated by foolish females indulging in *thorough bass* propensities

"To teach the young idea how to *shout*,"

and the fair and pretty fingers of their innocent little victims, to scamper away over the keys of the piano, in

open defiance and violation of all those laws which science has established to form, under the superintendence of taste and judgment, an intellectual performer.

It is a most melancholy truth, already too well known and felt, that in this deplorable system of musical education—after years *misspent* in toiling through the drudgery of the piano—all that such *accomplished* young ladies are permitted to aspire to as the acme of elegance and brilliancy—prior to taking “*fee-nishing* lessons” from a regular professor—is the rattling of a few fulsome and ridiculous trifles, such as Rondinos—Waltzes—^{and} little pieces varied and selected to suit the *limited capacity, not of the pupil, but of the soi-disant teacher*, filled with errors and vulgarisms—or the humming and strumming eternally with false fingering, false accentuation, false emphasis, and on false harmonies—some popular air or *morceau* of an opera, without the slightest regard to taste, feeling, style, or judgment! This sort of thing may be very amusing to kind and over-indulgent parents as a matter of show, or rather “child’s play;” but to suppose that anything approaching towards intellectual enjoyment can be derived from such a mode of proceeding, is altogether absurd.

To cultivate music in the young mind, is by no means an unimportant part of a parent’s duty. Music is no longer looked upon as a trifling or frivolous amusement. It is now in all circles of refinement—held up as one of the first and most important and delightful parts of polite education. Music is the language of the passions, and as such, has its grammar, its rhetoric, and

its philosophy. In the same manner that several letters united form a word which raises an idea, so several sounds united form a chord, which gives a complete result for the ear. The combination of chords, like that of words, constitutes the expression. The period, semi-colon, and comma have just the same office with that of the final suspension and incidental cadence in music. So far the grammar. When we proceed to discourse, there are, as in literature, an exordium, an exposition, a peroration. Yet, strange to say, music is the only one of the arts of which, generally, people know nothing ! for the art of *reading* music must not be confounded with that of *writing* its inspirations. We should remark the division into two distinct branches ; one called *execution*, familiar to many persons ; the other, *composition*, in which there are but few adepts. When any one limits himself to the former, that is, to the acquirements necessary for playing on a piano, or any other instrument, be it what it may, or for singing, and has no notion of the constituent principles of the art, how is he to judge of its effects, or communicate proper instruction to others ?

"To form a *clear, pleasing* and *expressive* performer on the piano-forte, says an eminent professor and composer, "three things are requisite—

"1. *To play correctly*, by covering every note with the finger before it is struck (when possible), so that, in the most difficult passages, the motion of the hands can be scarcely perceived.

"2. *To make the instrument sing*, by taking one finger off the key at the instant the other strikes the

following note ; and by never playing the notes short or detached, except when expressly marked.

"3. *To play with expression*, by forcing the finger down upon the key (already covered, and lightly touched) according to the accent, or emphasis."

There are various graces and embellishments used in music, which, like figures in speech, should be appropriate and apparently unsought for. Elegant figures have been found to flourish in the regions of the *beautiful*, and bold and stirring ones in those of the *sublime* and pathetic. Nor is it sufficient that figures are appropriate in their kind ; they should also be sparingly used. Even in the beautiful there may be *too* great a profusion of ornament, and he who in this respect "*oversteps the modesty of nature*," leads us to doubt the reality of his feelings, and consequently to withhold from him the homage of our sympathies. Would our pianists and vocalists be influenced in some measure by such principles as these, we might soon expect to see a REFORMATION in SENTIMENT and MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Finally, the SCALES and EXERCISES of Herz, Czerny, Bertini, and other distinguished writers, are of such importance to the young piano-forte student, that no learner should for a single day neglect the careful practice of these indispensable studies ; which may be looked upon as the only safe and firm foundation on which every judicious teacher should build as it were the reputation of his pupil. "Those horrid scales ! those frightful exercises ! those tiresome studies ! so awfully ugly and difficult !" some will say. But all young ladies

who really wish to play with expressive taste and judgment, must be prepared not only to encounter such difficulties, but to overcome them by their own industry and perseverance, for however scientific a master may be, he only directs what his pupils must execute, in order to arrive at excellence; and it is a well established fact, founded on long experience, that these studies and exercises contain the concentrated difficulties and beauties of the whole science, and once conquered, all is accomplished!

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SINGERS AND SONG WRITERS.

"In applying words to music," says Dr. Burney, "it frequently happens that the finest sentiments, and most polished verses of modern languages, are injured, and rendered unintelligible. Even the simplest and plainest rules of giving a short note to a short syllable, a long to a long; and of accentuating the music by the measure and natural cadence of the verse, which, it may be supposed, the mere reading would point out, to a good ear and understanding, are but too frequently neglected." But if our theory be correct, no song should come to judgment separated from its melody, and in like manner no air written for words, should be treated, when considered alone, as otherwise than incomplete. It is the want of attention to this principle, on the part of both lyrist and composer, which has laid so heavy a reproach on the English language, as being unfitted for music. Many of our poets have done too much out of the fulness of their stores; they have been too prodigal of thought, too lavish of rich and suggestive epithets. They have finished their creations down to their minutest ornament—forgetting that they were afterwards to pass into the hands of the musician, and that the dainty attire, and armed *cap a pie* in which the were already clad were only incumbrances in his

way, injurious to their beauty as a whole, when completed. If we look at the stanzas left by METASTASIO, we shall find them (putting their musical flow out of the question) only so many graceful outlines ready to receive color. It is the same precisely with the lyrics of MOORE—we are borne along by the flow of their numbers—without being stopped in our course by any conceit which we must pause to examine, or interrupted by any change of sentiment, which invites, if it does not compel, our fancies in a new direction. Lyric poets and musicians, have long been at variance with each other. The former complain that their verses are spoiled from the manner in which they are set to music ; and the latter, that the best specimens of poetry are so deficient in lyric character that it is impossible to do justice to them without rendering the music insignificant. Both of these complaints are but too well founded. Poets too often forget that it is the passions only that can *sing*, and that the understanding *speaks* ; and vocal composers as seldom reflect that the chief excellence in their art consists in **EXPRESSION**.

" All singers," says a distinguished musical writer, " should carefully study the sentiment and proper pronunciation of the words sung, the appropriate adaptation of airs to the words, and their clear and distinct enunciation ; for without understanding the true design of the music and the sense of the words, how can they appropriately execute them ? They should be thoroughly versed in the various forms and descriptions of poetry, and of musical subjects, not only in reference to sense but musical and poetical measure, accent, cadence, and emphasis." Without a knowledge of

these things, no one can be a good and effective singer, however fine his voice. Should we wonder, then, that so many feel little or no interest in this subject, know so little of it, and drawl out the words without the least regard to their meaning or effect.

It is in consequence of this criminal apathy, that amateurs and even *public* vocalists sometimes violate the plainest principles of correct pronunciation in singing—and make themselves ridiculous in exhibiting their own wonderful powers of execution by attempting to adorn pure *Irish* melody, with those excruciating *grace* notes which are as forcign to the subject as a wreath of artificial flowers surmounting the branches of a genuine rose tree.

THE
AGE FOR LEARNING TO SING.

UNTIL very recently there was an erroneous belief entertained by some people in this country that young persons should not have their voices cultivated at an early age. It was the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Rush, that singing by young ladies, whom the customs of society debar from any other kinds of healthy exercise, should be cultivated, not only as an accompaniment, but as a means of *preserving health*. He particularly insists that vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady, and states that, besides its salutary influence in soothing the cares of domestic life, it has a still more direct and important effect.

By these observations we find that, in studying the art of singing, we not only acquire an innocent and pleasing accomplishment, which operates as a mutual gratification between the singer and the hearer; but at the same time, we are likely to derive great benefit from it as a healthy pursuit. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus exercise the activity of the vital organs. Some of the most eminent members of the faculty, and musical professors of the present day, have given it as their opinion, that children cannot begin to learn to sing too soon.

Our talented and esteemed friend, Dr. MAINZER, whose unceasing efforts to elevate the science of vocal harmony in these kingdoms cannot be too highly commended and appreciated, has given in his admirable work on Musical Education, some very interesting and valuable hints on the subject of our present sketch, from which we have taken the following brief extract—

"The earliest age, that of six or seven years, is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. Experience of many years, and observation of every day's occurrence, have taught us, that a great proportion of the children whom we have met with, would, at first, neither sound a single note, nor distinguish one from another; all, without exception, have acquired ear and voice, and some of them have even become superior in both to their apparently more gifted companions. Thus a taste—a true appreciation of this beautiful, innocent, and delightful art—may be created at a very early period, and its charming effects extended over a whole existence. We have seen children whom their parents believed to be totally devoid of any taste or faculty for music, attend singing classes with the most unexpected success. Their interest in music grew, and with it their knowledge and their voice. With several children a few week's practice sufficed to change the entire character of their voices; which, though at first weak and indifferent, and of almost no extent, became strong, extended, clear, and in some cases of even a fine quality. Such instances are best

calculated to dispel the prejudices existing against musical instruction at any early age."

Such are the sentiments of this great and experienced master of the German school.

One of those illustrious professors who formed the glory of the *Italian* school, one of those great artistes, in whom the most profound learning and consummate experience were united with the purest taste and most exalted genius; one of those masters, in short, who are scarce at all times, but whose race seems now to be extinct, was requested by a young scholar to teach him the art of singing. He asked the juvenile enthusiast whether he should have the courage to follow resolutely the track he would point out, however tedious it might appear? Upon being answered in the affirmative, the master noted down on a scrap of paper the Diatonic and Chromatic scales, both ascending and descending, together with the different intervals, in order to enable his pupil to acquire a good *portamento*, and a power of sustaining the notes, and after this, a series of complicated passages and ornaments of various kinds. Upon this scrap of paper the master employed his pupil for the first year, the second came and was employed in the same manner, and when the third arrived there was no talk of any change. The pupil began to murmur, but his master reminded him of his promise. A fourth year passed, a fifth followed, and still the eternal scrap of music paper. A sixth came, the paper was not laid aside, but to these exercises were added lessons in articulation, accent, emphasis, pronunciation, and finally in declamation. At the termination of this period, the pupil, who still imagined that he had not proceeded be-

yond the elementary branch of his art, was not a little surprised and astonished at hearing his master thus address him—

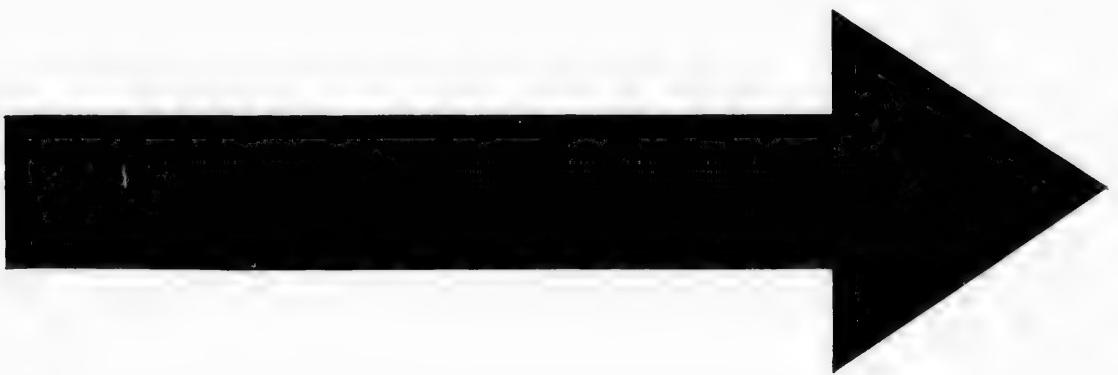
*"Go, my son, you have nothing further to learn—
You are the first singer of Italy and of the world."*

The words of Porpora were true, this singer was Caffarelli, the first of Italy and of the world.

At the present day, there is not a school in Europe in which six years are employed in teaching the mechanism of song. The school of Porpora was so excellent that it produced none else than finished artists. This was truly the golden age of song. But though few can expect to become singers of such distinguished merit as the pupil of Porpora, yet, most persons who are not entirely unfurnished by nature, may so improve as to rid themselves of a disagreeable manner; and though as solo singers they may not acquire an expressiveness that is absolutely irresistible, there is no sufficient reason why they should not avail themselves of suitable instructions, with a view of improving according to the nature of their capacities.

Because one is capable of becoming a Michael Angelo in painting, a Cicero or Demosthenes in eloquence, or a Handel, a Haydn, or a Mozart in music, it by no means follows, that he should entirely neglect the cultivation of these delightful arts. Such gifted individuals are of rare occurrence, and certainly, by raising the standard of excellence they make the general cultivation of the arts more necessary, where there is the least occasion to practice them.

To a numerous class of readers, the above anecdote



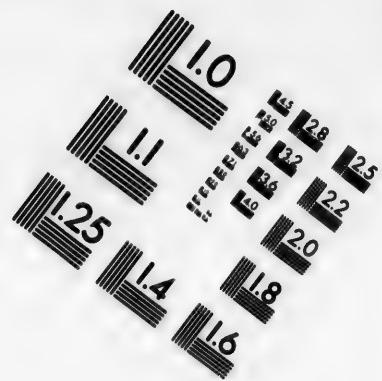
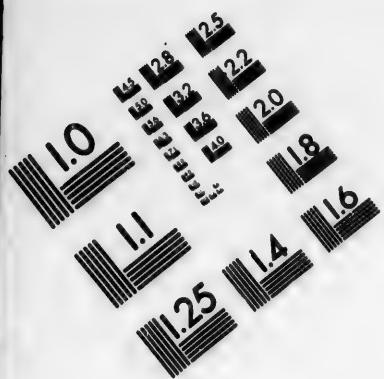
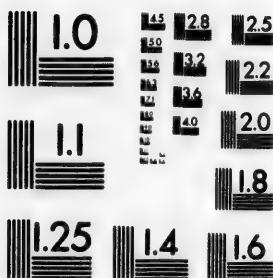
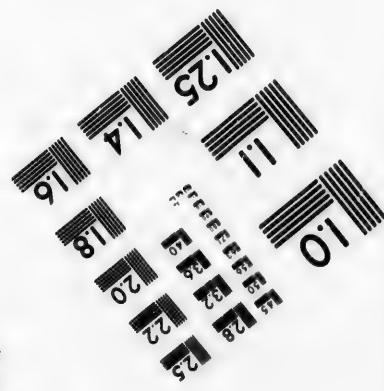


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will have all the appearance of fiction ; but one well acquainted with the arts, and with the art of singing in particular, will see nothing in it but what is very natural and even probable. The most complicated achievements of any art, consists only of a combination, more or less diversified, of a few simple elementary principles. This truth was deeply felt by the great masters of the Italian school, and particularly by the celebrated man whose authority has been quoted. They reduced the study of the art almost entirely to that of its elementary principles ; persuaded on the one hand that it is impossible to raise a solid building if care is not taken at the commencement in the choice and construction of the materials ; and certain on the other, that this precaution once taken, their success was assured, if nature had bestowed the necessary genius on the pupil.

The elements of singing are in fact comprised in a very small space. The simple *Diatonic** scale, free from shakes or graces of any description, together with the *Chromatic* and *Enharmonic* scales, form the firm basis, on which all the progress to vocal excellence must be established. But it is advisable that before the Chromatic and Enharmonic scales are attempted, that the student should first make himself proficient in the practice of the Diatonic scale, to sound therein every note with truth, clearness, and decision, and to give

* Diatonic from the Greek *dia* (through) and *tonos* (a tone) ; in this sense the Diatonic is so called, because the greatest number of intervals in that scale are tones ; and from the division of these intervals arose the other two.

that richness and liquid softness to each sound which can never fail to delight the hearer.

The first seven notes of the Diatonic scale are usually sung to the syllables *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*;* the octave being a repetition of the first, is denoted by the same syllable thus—



This scale, which contains *five* tones and two semitones, assumes two characters or forms by the position of those semitones. It is in the *major* mode if the semitones appear between the 3rd and 4th and 7th and 8th; and it is in the *minor* mode when the semitones are between the 2nd and 3rd and 5th and 6th, thus—

MAJOR,	1	2	3	*	4	5	6	7	*	8
MINOR,	1	2	*	3	4	5	*	6	7	8

This is the modern system of modes, in which the above order of semitones is preserved in the scale formed on any sound by the use of marks of elevation or depression of the tone called *sharps* and *flats*.

* In these syllables the Italian sounds are given to the vowels; so that we pronounce *do, ray, me, fah, sol, lah, see*. From the fourth and fifth of these syllables are formed the Italian substantive *safeggio*, and verb *solseggiare*; the French verb *sol-faer*, and the English verb to *sol-fa*.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Extracts from a Lecture delivered by the Author at Her Majesty's Concert-room's, Hanover-square, London—with appropriate musical illustrations, selected, arranged, and partly composed by THOMAS MOORE, SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, and the LECTURER.

FROM the testimony of various writers, we arrive at the fact, that the system of music among the Greeks, like that of the ancient Irish, was adjusted with great art and ingenuity, although it laboured under certain defects, which have been remedied among the moderns. That Pythagoras was the founder of this system there can be as little doubt as that the progress of the science involves the names and improvements of men well known, such as Archytus of Tarantum, Aristoxinus, Euclid, Nicomachus, Ptolomy, and many others, the utility and certainty of whose relations will be found sufficient to teach us to distinguish between fact and fable.

It must be confessed, however, that the greater part of what we read, touching the origin of music, is founded upon no better authority than poets and mythologists, whose relations are merely typical or figurative, as the well known stories of Orpheus and Amphion, such fables deserve place not in a lecture intended to illustrate one of the most elegant and delightful works of our own modern Anacreon. The “poet of every circle,” and the idol of the Emerald Isle.

What satisfaction does the mind receive from the re-

cital of the names of those who are said to have increased the strings of the primitive Lyre Timotheus, Chorebris, Hyagius, and Terpander, or when we are told that Olympus invented the enharmonic genius, as also the Harmatian mood; or that Melampus and others were excellent musicians, and Antigenedes, and Lamaia, were celebrated flute-players? In all instances where there are no circumstances that constitute a character, and render us familiar with the person spoken of, we naturally enquire who he is, and for want of further information, become indifferent as to what is recorded of him. Still the traditional celebrity of these names carry the cultivation of music among the ancient Greeks to a remote antiquity, and may rescue the appetite, which leads us to become acquainted even with the names and qualities of these early improvers of science, from the charge of mere idle curiosity.

From what has been said, the antiquity of the science of music among the Greeks, may be fairly inferred. What credit, what celebrity, then, is due to the laudable attempt of Ireland's sweetest bard, the illustrious Moore, to rescue as it were, the lays, and legends, of this interesting people, from the oblivion in which they had been buried; airs we may say, that have been sung and traditionally transmitted from the days of Marathon and Thermopylæ, and have contributed to cherish and keep alive, that spark of liberty whose blaze may be seen in the complete emancipation of the Greeks, from the thraldom of their Moslem and barbaric enemies.

To the first of our illustrations, the poet has prefixed the following note.

"The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was

called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birth-place of Simonides, Bachylides, and other eminent persons. Dr. Clark says, it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of the Grecian Isles."

TRIO AND CHORUS—“*The Sky is Bright.*”

“ The sky is bright, the breeze is fair,
And the mainsail flowing full and free :
Our farewell word is women’s prayer,
And the hope before us liberty !”

This may be considered illustrative of the departure of the warriors. The time chosen by our poet being that in which the Greeks, not unlike the Irish of the present day, were struggling for independance.

With the ardor of patriots, the inhabitants of Zea are represented as having left their home, to meet the turbaned oppressors of their country, and of the friends and lovers they have left behind, we have the following beautiful picture—

“ Twould touch even Moslem heart to see,
The sadness that came suddenly,
O’er their young brows when they look’d round
Upon that bright enchanted ground ;
And thought how many a time with those,
Who were now gone to the rude wars,
They there had met at evenings close,
And danced till morn outshone the stars.”

The maidens are there described telling with simple wonder, lays and legends of the past, of midnight fays

and nymphs who dwell in holy fountains, till diverted from, and restored to the recollection of the absent.

Many a nymph, tho' pleased the while
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile ;
And sigh'd to think she could be gay.
Among those maidens there was one,
Who to Lucadia late had been,
Had stood beneath the evening sun,
On its white towering cliffs, and seen
The very spot where Sappho sung :
Her swan, like music ere she sprung,
Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her lov'd lyre, into the deep ;
And dying quenched that fatal fire,
At once, both of her heart and lyre.

which passage may serve as an introduction to our next illustration, entitled

"SAPPHO AT HER LOOM."

where as Dr. Wharton remarks, we may suppose the fair author looking up earnestly on her mother, casting down the web on which she was employed, and suddenly exclaiming,

" Oh ! my sweet mother—tis in vain—
I cannot weave, as once I wove :
So wilder'd is my heart and brain,
With thinking of that youth I love !"

Such was the song of Sappho, whose character sufficiently appears, even from the small remains of her works that have come down to us.

It may well be said, that there are few intellectual treasures, the loss of which is more deeply to be regretted than the works of this sweet poetess, for the remnants that have reached us, certainly display genius of the highest order. They are rich even to exuberance, yet directed by the most exquisite taste. In these delicious lyrics, the tide of passion seems deep and exhaustless, it flows rapidly yet gently on, while the most sparkling fancy is ever playing over it, and the words themselves seem to participate in the glowing sentiments they develope.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the fragments of Sappho, are nothing more than the eloquent expressions of amatory feeling. They are really works of high imagination in themselves, which render them as beautiful as they are intense, and in the opinion of some writers raises them even to the sublime.

Sappho, like the celebrated Jenny Lind of the present day, has been described as a person of small stature, dark complexion and features, far from beautiful, yet having some thing indescribably interesting, and even fascinating in her manner and appearance. As an exalted poetess herself, she reverenced intellect in others: and when these feelings combined to produce an intense excitement of all her ideas, both of heaven and earth, we may easily imagine that she could abandon herself to the beatitudes, with a passionate enthusiasm of the hand and heart, of the senses and affections, which might well terminate in that deliquium and ecstasy, which she has so eloquently described in her beautiful ODE, which our next song, entitled

“SAPPHO'S PHILOSOPHY,”
OR
THE THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.”
may serve to illustrate.

I.

Love, like buds of roses
 Opening in the sun,
 Still our fate disclose—
 'Till our course be run !
 Fill'd with nectar sweetness,
 Calling us to sip ;
 But with lightning's fleetness
 Fading on the lip !

This song is scarcely finished, when from among the listeners suddenly rises

One dark-eyed amazon
 Whose step was air-like, and whose glance
 Flash'd like a sabre in the sun.

But hark ! the maiden speaks !

“Shame on these soft
 And languid strains we hear so oft.
 Daughters of freedom ! have not we
 Learned from our lovers and our sires
 The dance of Greece when Greece was free ;
 That dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
 But sword and shield clash on the ear—
 A music tyrants quake to hear !
 Heroines of Zea—arm with me
 And dance the dance of victory !”

* The words and melody of the above song, *written* and *composed* expressly for this lecture, will be given in the Appendix.

This burst of patriotic devotion introduces the ancient Pyrihic dance, in which allusion is made to Leonidas and his brave companions, who it will be remembered withstood at the straits of Thermophely the whole force of the Persians on their invasion of Greece, and who it is stated in history, employed the night before the battle in music, and the gymnastic exercises of their country.

On the subversion of the Greek Empire, the Romans availed themselves of a portion of the musical improvements of their more civilized tributaries; and the importance musicians had acquired by assisting at sacrifices and other public solemnities may be gathered from the following anecdote, which both Livy and Valerius Maximus have recorded—

“ The censors had refused to permit the tibicines (or flute players) to eat in the temple of Jupiter, a privilege which they claimed as founded on an ancient custom: whereupon the tibicines withdrew to Tiber, a town in the vicinity of Rome, now Tivoli. As the tibicines were necessary attendants on the sacrifices, the magistrates were at a loss how to perform these solemnities in their absence; the senate, therefore, sent ambassadors to the Tivolese, requesting them to give them up as officers of the state who had fled from their duty. At first persuasions were tried, but they proving ineffectual, the Tivolese had recourse to stratagem; they appointed a public feast or banquet, and inviting the Tibicines to assist at it, plied them with wine, till they became intoxicated, and while they were asleep put them into carts, which re-conveyed them to Rome, where they were not only restored to the honor of feasting in the temple, but permitted annually to celebrate

the day of their return by a magnificent public banquet. This anniversary was the 30th of June in the old Roman year."

By way of introduction to our next illustrative song, which savours of the character of sacred music, I may perhaps be allowed to remark, that the church music of the modern Greeks partakes of their subdued and degraded state in its monotony, being described by writers who have treated of the subject, as more calculated to send the hearers to sleep than to excite and rouse them into devotional ecstasy, or chivalrous aspirations for that perfect liberty which the early Christians taught men was the consummation of the gospel and the end for which the great Messiah suffered.

Subdued in the first place by the Romans, the spirit of the Greeks sunk with their freedom, and their music sank along with it. Enthralled by the Turks, this universal language still partook the character of their degradation, and lost its inspiring influence. Roused once more into nationality, let us hope this fine people, who taught their haughty conquerors, the Romans, all they knew of science and civilization, will again cultivate an art of which they were the ancient propagators; and which, while it softens the heart, humanizes the manners and fills the breast with good and virtuous emotions.

The music of ancient Greece having been thus engrafted on the institutions of their conquerors, became a portion of the public ceremonials of Rome; let us ask, then, what sunk the science among the Greeks and Romans of the middle ages so low, that the latter people were obliged to have recourse to the harp of

Hibernia to revive that pure taste for melody and song which has enabled Italy to pour forth such abundant streams of minstrelsy in modern times. It will be found in their strong detestation of the tyrannous barbarity of the monster Nero. Yes this monster in human shape, this vile reveller in cruelty and in blood, had cultivated, or rather attempted to cultivate, musical science, and by bribing the judge obtained the prize at the Olympic games, where he stood forth as one of the musical competitors, arrayed as a second Apollo.

Alas! that the art which has been sublimely said to "soften rocks and bend the knotted oak," had no influence upon the heart and disposition of this cruel persecutor of the human family, and such was the public detestation of his crimes and cruelty, that on the monster's death, the senate declared by an edict, the science of music to be infamous; while the Roman people, tired of a traffic in blood that spared neither age nor sex in its immolations, abandoned the art professed by their detested tyrant in his life, which thus prescribed, throughout the empire, ceased to be an object of study, and sinking into insignificance, would have been altogether obliterated, had not the early Christian Church cherished this eldest of the muses, in her devotional hymns to the Most High.

Our next illustration, as we have already said, partakes of this sacred character—

The women of Zea are now supposed to be absorbed in that deep devotion of the heart which springs from anticipation of danger to their parents, lovers, husbands! and compels the mind, by its melancholy forebodings, to seek relief and aid from that arm which alone can

mark the destiny of individuals or nations. Breathing prayers upward for the safety of all they cherish, their hearts are suddenly relieved from their anxious throes of suspense and doubt,

For tidings of Glad sound had come
At break of day from the far isles :
Tidings like breath of bliss to some,
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
Crown'd with the light of victory's smiles,
To meet that brightest of all meeds
Which wait on high, heroic deeds !
When gentle eyes, that scarce for tears
Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears
When the long absent sun appears,
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

Then with that impetuous revelation of feeling which attends warm and passionate natures, the souls, so lately depressed with melancholy, resume their wonted harmony ; and burn with anticipations of coming love.

If in a work where all is beautiful, varied, and impassioned, there can be one thought brighter than another, it is in "*The Vine—GLEE.*" Here our bard, turning with fond recollection to the muse that bade his youthful spirit bathe itself in those glowing themes which procured him the title of "the modern Anacreon"—giving the reign to a wild and beautiful fancy, he seeks those sun-lit spots in the desert of life which invite his warmer sympathies, and revels in one of those allegorical lyrics in which no poet, ancient or modern, can surpass him.

"'TIS THE VINE ! 'TIS THE VINE !" *Trio and Chorus*

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

JENNY LIND

AS MARIA IN LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

Having had my "dream"—and being now somewhat apart from the din and tumult of the metropolis, I feel much pleasure in sending you the following little sketch of my illustrious friend, as MARIA in "*La Figlia del Reggimento*." So great was the desire to see the Queen of Song in this delightful opera, which is written in Donnizetti's best style, so great was the reputation she had obtained in other climes, and even amongst ourselves, as a vocal and dramatic *artiste* of surpassing power—all combined to produce an excitement unprecedented not only in Dublin, but in the musical Soul of Ireland. The result was, that Hawkins's-street Theatre, from pit to ceiling was crowded to overflow; and I believe there was not a musician of *note*, or admirer of genius in the kingdom who was not present—while the Lord Lieutenant and Countess of Clarendon, as I observed in a former communication, occupied the Vice-regal Box. JENNY's *Maria* was from the first to the last a most magnificent triumph. I never saw an audience moved to more extatic rapture. It was not her singing only that excited her hearers, though certainly more delicious streams of melody in my mind never flowed from human lips. Her inimitable *acting* had no small share

in eliciting the wild thunders of applause that greeted her in every scene, but particularly in the glorious "Song of the Regiment,"

The part of *Maria* is indeed the *Lind's own*—no other artiste can ever attempt it after the inimitable and immortal *JENNY*. Her brilliant vocal powers, and her peculiarly vivacious style of acting, are as well adapted to the impersonation of the *vicandiere* as if Donnizetti had composed it for her. Fancy her open, artless, look, and that abandonment which gives such an air of reality to all she does out of the serious line. Think of her hearty laugh, her unstudied, bewitching smile of delight—her pretty mouth—her pearly teeth, her eyes of fire, filled with

"All the soul of feeling"

and expression—her simplicity—her unpretence—and you have at once the true Daughter of the Regiment before you. And think then of her sweet, exquisite voice, whose soul dissolving tones find an echo in every breast; think of her style and method both faultless—her originality and unapproachable *thrill*, swelling and dying away into the softest *pianissimo*—her flexibility, her astonishing ease, her power, her pathos, her phrazing, her accentuation, her declamation, in a word, her *eloquence* of song, and you have a correct notion of how Donnizetti was immortalized in Dublin by the FIRST FEMALE SINGER IN THE WORLD!

I shall not descend to details. It is enough to say as much as I have said to make my meaning understood. The audience was in raptures after the first act, and after the last. The extraordinary effect produced by the

celebrated "*Lesson at the piano*"—where the impasioned pupil flings her music book to the end of the room, and takes up with *Sulpizo*, the Song of the Regiment, leaves the tongue of the narrator speechless. Never perhaps did JENNY LIND's magnificent bell-toned *soprano* ring out more gorgeously, or invade the ear with sounds more sweet and sonorous. At the close of this overwhelming flood of nature's eloquence, the audience seemed altogether bewildered, pouring out their very hearts and souls at the shrine of the Enchantress; and thus testifying their delight amid the most vehement acclamations that ever burst from an assemblage of human beings. Honestly "speaking in the palace of truth," they seemed literally frantic, and during the raging of the tempest, or rather "pelting of the *piti/ess* storm," the poor girl was absolutely compelled to "come out" four times, looking both pale and exhausted after the glorious triumph she had achieved, yet gracefully bowing down her most grateful acknowledgements, not only to "the gods," but to the very devils in the pit, who were altogether *unquenchable*! When I say poor JENNY looked pale and fatigued, I but give you the echo of what thousands have already observed; her spirit seems too ardent for its frail tenement, and unless a stern prudence shall controul the promptings of a nature which seems to be the perfect embodiment of musical and poetic sensibility, we may have to grieve over the premature decay of some of the rarest gifts of imagination and feeling. But after all this thunder and lightning, and screeching from above and below, it is but justice to observe that it is not in such wonderful feats of *vocalization*, that the real secret of Mdle. JENNY LIND's success

as a public singer lies. Wonderful certainly though this feat at the piano was—the more simple unadorned—pathetic, unpretending air “Quando il destino,” in my mind far exceeded it in classical value, and in that first and highest of all musical beauties, *expression*. It was indeed refreshing, after the violent storm that preceded them, to have such divine tones charming the ear, or as Milton has it :—

“ Taking the prison’d soul
And lapping it in Elysium.”

It has been imagined by some, that the principles of musical taste are so uncertain and variable, that no definite rules of criticism can be established. But were our attention confined to such compositions as have been pretty generally acknowledged to be chaste and interesting, compositions that are somewhat adapted to our musical knowledge and taste, and that are calculated to excite feeling, rather than to display pedantry and ingenious contrivance ; and would our performers endeavour to produce the precise effects contemplated by composers, instead of attempting to show off their own *extraordinary powers* of execution, our taste would probably become less fickle and more refined ; and we should find less difficulty in establishing rules of criticism and applying them. Musical criticism, should be the result of calm deliberation, penned with discretion and judgment, and not vehicles, either of overstrained and fulsome praise, or unmanly, disgusting abuse. They should emanate from a pure, unbiased mind, *thoroughly acquainted with the subject*, in order that they may go

forth to the public, as faithful pictures of those performances provided for their use, and

"Nothing extenuate nor ought set down in malice."

It is well known to those who have the honour and pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mlle. JENNY LIND, that she is possessed of the most extreme sensibility, which occasionally affects her so much as to paralyze in a degree her noblest vocal and dramatic efforts. It is a calamity, to be sure, but it is a calamity peculiar to genius—and this perhaps may account for the many unkind, unmanly, and I will add malevolent attacks which have been made on her professional character, by the low and vulgar, that knew her not. Public stage singers are but too often called upon to sustain characters totally unsuited to their peculiar talent, and in either case not being able to please themselves, cannot be supposed to please "the million." Nor is there any allowance made for indisposition; singers are never supposed to be subject to those ills, "the heart ache, and the thousand other natural shocks that flesh is heir to," but *sing they must*, or lay down their well-won laurel crowns at the command of some would-be critic, some low, insolent, envious fool, attempting to make himself singular, with plenty of gall in his heart and pen, but not as much as a single note of "music in his soul." It is really melancholy to reflect how very often, in this respect, the most exalted are placed, as it were, at the mercy of the meanest; and that the *public press* (perhaps unknowingly) so frequently becomes the vehicle of *private malice*, constituting itself the *WITNESS, the JUDGE, the EXECUTIONER!*

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It may well be observed, that there never was a more amiable, or a more artless public or private character, than the justly celebrated JENNY LIND. So far it is glorious, but there is something even beyond this, "she has come forth from the simplicity of somewhat humble life, and she brings with her the most beautiful characteristics of a high and noble nature—the most frank, natural, and unspoiled spirit, which like the purest setting of the richest gem, enhance tenfold the great and glorious gift, which she has derived from nature." During her too brief stay amongst us, she has won for herself the homage and affection of thousands of the Irish people, who must ever hold in grateful remembrance the unmixed felicity they enjoyed in listening to her magic strains of melody and song. For myself the music of her enchanting voice still fills my soul with joy and sorrow, still rings in mine ear, still floats with witching sweetness o'er my fancy, while

Weeping memory seems to sigh !
"Oh ! say not yet—Farewell !"

CATHERINE HAYES.

The professional career of Catherine Hayes, from its earliest dawn in her native land up to the present time, has been distinguished as one bright, unbroken chain of the most glorious triumphs in every circle at home and

abroad—amid the mirrored saloons and magnificent theatres of European splendour, as well as in the vast and gorgeous halls of the western world, where “the swan of Erin,” as she has been designated, following the example of “the Swedish nightingale,” now wings her upward flight, winning, as she warbles on, lark-like, at glory’s gate,

“Golden opinions from all sorts of men”—

amid the people of a republic, which we behold marching forward to greatness and independence, with a splendor and a power, at once irresistible and unexampled in the annals of the world—a people amongst whom our own humble efforts to elevate and make known the minstrelsy of our native land, some few years ago, were honoured with similar demonstrations of friendship and regard, which with warmest feelings of grateful remembrance will ever remain green in our soul.

Miss Hayes, in sending us her valued *autograph* for “The Emerald Wreath,” kindly appended to it—as our readers may perceive—part of the words and music of our national air,

“The harp that once thro’ Tara’s halls;”

while JENNY, the jade, merely gave us her *bare* hand.

The following incident in the life of our distinguished countrywoman, so romantic in its character, although already well-known, may not be altogether uninteresting to the readers of “the Wreath”—

A wood-bine covered arbor attached to the residence of the Bishop of Limerick, near the river's brink, was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half-hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the airs and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus delightfully occupied, "herself forgetting," and never dreaming but that she was "by the world forgot," some pleasure parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she even then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropt down the stream, pausing in the shadow of the trees, whence, as from the cage of a singing bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, "The Lass of Gowrie," the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," with that long and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after-cultivation her voice received, and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the Grand Opera to "rise at her," and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm, the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory arose a rapturous shout of applause, the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her "native wood-notes wild" had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right

Rev. Edmond Knox was one of those unseen listeners, and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent, the matured growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening the open air practice terminated, and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, confident anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity, and she soon became the "star" of a series of musical reunions, given chiefly for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of the Messrs. Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now organist to the Cathedral, Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, amid a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes "came out," her rapid onward progress being manifest to all.

Mention has been made of the beautiful shake, clear, thrilling, and brilliant, with which Miss Hayes is gifted, as having produced the irrepressible burst of applause that indicated the presence of her first audience—applause, the memory of which, we dare aver, like that of a first victory, has been more dearly cherished than any, the proudest of her after triumphs. A brief history of the first discovery of this rare natural gift, which arduous and persevering study and constant practice may succeed in imitating, if not partially acquiring, but which, to be perfect, must be natural, may not be uninteresting. Shortly before the period of Miss Hayes's

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introduction to Bishop Knox, and when quite a child, a lady in Limerick—a highly accomplished amateur—took great interest in the gentle and thoughtful girl, and invited Catherine frequently to visit her. With this lady as her first instructress, she essayed to improve her style of singing some simple ballads, and displaying in them considerable flexibility of voice and facility of execution, her patroness proposed that she should essay a shake. Surprised, yet flattered, and never dreaming that she possessed such a gift, she refused with blushes and smiles; but on her return to the solitude of her garden-practice bower by the river's brink, she at once endeavoured to imitate the shake her patroness had played for her instruction. She then ascertained, to her extreme delight, the existence of that beautiful and perfect ornament, which is one of the greatest charms of her singing. Timid by nature, retiring by habit, and scarcely believing in the possession of the precious gift, so newly discovered, she kept the secret to herself. At length, one day, having taken her wonted position at the piano-forte, and being lost, as it were in the pleasure of singing, she for a moment forgot alike her timidity and caution, and at the termination of the concluding verse of the ballad, finished with a shake so brilliant, so thrilling, so perfect, that it extracted a scream of delight from her astonished and gratified patroness, who, though pleased with and proud of her young pupil, knew not till then the musical treasure she had discovered.

It was from this lady Miss Hayes acquired all the first elementary knowledge of music, which gave her, while still a child, those facilities of brilliant execution,

fully developed by after instruction, and amid all the triumphs of her splendid professional career she has never ceased to cherish the remembrance of the surprise, "affectionate and glad," with which her shake on this occasion was greeted.

As an actress, Miss Hayes, during her career, has displayed dramatic genius of the highest order, repudiating the idea, to a great extent still existing, that in opera the interpretation of the music alone was the essential of success. What, for instance, can be more true to nature than her Amina, so full of innocent and joyous animation in the earlier scenes, so painfully real in the after-abandonment to grief, so tender in love, so touching in sorrow, so purely simple throughout? Then her Linda—is not the madness of that love-born girl painfully real? Was ever sorrow expressed in more plaintive utterance, more moving action? Her Lucia, too, is it not an exquisitely original conception, truthfully carried out? And even her Norma, a part for which the soft and gentle attributes of her nature render her almost unfit, is it not still a grand and moving performance, a fine portraiture of the *woman*, as is that of Grisi, of the fiend?

One fact more remains to be recorded, and we make the assertion with no ordinary degree of national pride; CATHERINE HAYES, the unpretending, sweet, simple, Irish girl, succeeded in Grisi's great passionate part of *Norma*, in which the illustrious JENNY herself had failed.

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MADAME BISHOP.

On last Thursday evening, Balfe's Opera, the *Maid of Artois*, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, for the purpose of introducing Madame Bishop (or rather *Lady* Bishop, for her husband, Sir Henry, is a Knight.) to the public, in the character of *Isoline*. The opera was originally composed for Malibran. But she died, and with her died *Isoline*, the *Maid of Artois*. This opera was soon forgotten, but now it has been brought, as it were, to life again, by an English vocalist, who for many years had been absent from her native land.

Certain circumstances connected with this lady's personal history invested her appearance with more than ordinary interest, and it was not surprising that a vast crowd had assembled to witness her *debut* upon an English stage.

Without entering into any lengthened detail of the various pieces introduced in the course of the Opera, I shall briefly state, that the secret of Madame Bishop's success rests solely upon her accomplishments in the art of *vocalizing*. Her voice is what the Italians call a *Soprano Sfoyato*, to distinguish it from the *Mezzo Soprano*—which unites the characteristics of *Soprano* and *Contralto*, but has not the brilliancy of the one, nor the softness of the other. The compass of Madame Bishop's voice is very extensive—ranging from F on the first space to E flat above the stave, nearly two octaves. The notes, by assiduous study, have been brought to a rare condition of equality, and it is this which produces that extraordinary facility of *execution*, which is the leading feature of her singing. Her execution is nearly perfect,

but her accentuation occasionally defective. It is quite evident that Italian recitative is the only stage language that she has studied. The great object of her style is, that she deems execution and flexibility every thing. The finale in the great desert scene, which is a mere piece of execution, was very much applauded. She sang it with great skill, but after all, this sort of thing only converts a vocalist into an instrument—a sort of human piano-forte. It is evident that the last act of *Isoline* demands a first-rate actress ; and this, in scenes of high wrought passion, was Malibran ; her agony produced agony in her hearers and beholders. Many years since I saw her in the part, and yet, it is impossible to forget the wild wail over the form of her lover, and the scream of delight as she exclaimed “he breathes, my love lives.” The deep and feeling desolation of her *expression*, as she glanced around her in the boundless desert, or the touching faintness of her tone as she uttered “one drop.” Now Madame Bishop’s idiosyncracy prevents her doing any thing like this. She is merely *artistical*, she can neither be pathetic nor sublime. She is a woman doing her uttermost to aid her dying lover. Malibran was a ministering angel hovering over him. Malibran was a woman of genius. Madame Bishop is a woman of talent, who in the present instance may be compared to a highly finished watch, hung up in the place of the great clock of St. Paul’s. The works are beautiful and the performance correct, but unfortunately it is too small for the purpose for which it has been placed there. Many of the papers laud Madame B.’s singing to the very skies.

And so let them talk, and still *puff* her *début*—
But the truth must be told, *Lady B. will not do!*

LOUIS LABLACHE.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that the justly celebrated Lablache—the great Italian basso—has Irish blood in his veins. His father, Nicholas Lablache, at first a merchant at Marseilles, but driven thence by the terrors of the revolution, fixed himself at Naples, where the subject of our sketch was born on the 6th of December, 1794. His mother was an Irish-woman; and this circumstance may in some measure account for that innate fountain of wit, humour, and drollery which is ever ready to spring up and put forth its sparkling waters when touched by the magic wand of the mighty thunderer at her Majesty's theatre.

The compass of Lablache's voice is from G in the bass to E natural, embracing thirteen notes, but these are not all of equal power, yet the vibration of his tones is prodigious, taken with unerring precision. In concerted pieces, his voice surmounts both chorus and instruments, and is ever in unison, streaking the general mass of sound with his beautiful bass. Nevertheless, the greatness of Louis Lablache lies in his acting, whether in tragedy or comedy, but chiefly in *opera buffa*, he develops all the qualities of a perfect artist. The head of Lablache is noble and imposing, his lofty stature prevents any inconvenience from his *enbonpoint*; he possesses a variety of power, singular and astonishing, and all agree to grant him high qualities of mind and heart.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was to this delightful writer, who may well be called the Addison of America, we some few years ago, in leaving England to visit the far West, had the honor of bearing a letter of introduction from Ireland's Anacreon—which proved a happy passport to all circles of refinement throughout the United States. Washington Irving is as much respected in private life, as admired for his great literary genius. His works have nearly all had the honor conferred on them of being translated into various European languages; and in England are as well known and appreciated as those of Scott, Moore, or Byron. Irving was for a considerable time Minister of the United States at the Court of Spain, but has at length retired from public life, and at present resides, or rather reclines under the shade of his well-won laurels, at his beautiful cottage, "Sunny Side," on the banks of the Hudson, near "Sleepy Hollow," which in the inimitable "*Sketch Book*" he celebrated in his young days.

SAMUEL LOVER.

If an author be entitled to take his station according to the quality of his genius, and without immediate reference to the comparative value of his works, the name of Lover is unquestionably entitled to a prominent place among the minstrels and comic writers of his country; for nearly all his efforts have been signally successful.

In literature, success is sure to create jealousy among the less fortunate aspirants for public fame ; nor should it be deemed wonderful that our facetious friend and countryman has paid the penalty which attaches itself to every popular writer, and created the envy of his cotemporaries.

In a literary coterie lately, a disappointed author, speaking of Lover with some bitterness, actually accused him of having taken all the matter of fact in the novel of "Rory O'More," from an unpublished work by another hand. "You only claim the *matter of fact*," said a wit present. "Certainly," returned the censor. "Then you cannot justly deny him credit for the matter of *fiction*," observed the wit, securing a hearty laugh against our crabbed critic.

It is true that the principal efforts of Lover's genius have taken the form of tales and songs, that are so simple, natural, and truthful, that they at once seize on our sympathies, and carry the best feelings of our nature captive by their force. The ear is as much taken prisoner by the sweet old airs he has newly dressed and restored, as by the apparent artlessness of diction in which he conveys sentiments beautiful, because they are natural, and sublime because they appeal to the heart. How forcibly do the impressions of the painter poet break forth in the sweet song entitled "The Angel's Whisper," embodying as it were a superstition, pure, holy, and ennobling, and elevating the mind to a dependence and connection not on, or with men of cold hearts and vain hopes, but with beings warm and pure, who lift us above every phase of difficulty and privation. Throughout the whole circle of Irish melody

there is scarcely a more exquisite air, and it would seem that with the great fame of Moore and others occupying the ground on which he also desired distinction, it would be necessary to do something new—something with the freshness of novelty about it to attract attention, and the thought of embodying the superstitions of his country in song occurred to him. But it was certainly venturing on dangerous ground when he attempted to adapt the popular air of "We may roam through this world," which had already been so beautifully rendered available by the first of Ireland's living bards, the illustrious and inimitable Moore; whose songs have done more to cultivate the Irish heart, and elevate the character of his country than the writings of any other author on record.

Let us see how the "poet of every circle" immortalizes the modest merits of the fair and lovely daughters of his own green isle, in the following lines—

"Oh ! I like the sweet-briery fence,
That round the daughters of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least, when it most repels."

An amiable and highly gifted authoress, whose fame, like that of Moore's, has gone out into every clime where Irish worth and genius are appreciated in the civilized world—struck, as it were, by the truth and beauty of the above, with a pencil of crystal adds the following exquisite touches of light and love to the poet's picture—"Whatever may be the opinion of Irish men, however judges may differ in estimating their genius, their bravery, their patriotism, their private or public

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worth, there can be but one opinion as to the intellect or truth and purity of Irish women. Their liveliness never approaches levity ; and their warmth is as chaste as their hearts are true ; and their loving and gentle nature is not the effect of education or teaching, but seems born beneath the shadows of their dark huts, as well as within their stately dwellings. They seem to have an instinctive love for and knowledge of their duty, and to have little pleasure save in its performance, and what those who know them not would consider the result of consideration, and thought and labour arising from great self-denial, and very difficult of performance, is, in fact, their privilege, inasmuch as the happiness of those they love, however unamiable they seem to others, constitutes their happiness, so truly do they live in love."

And here, in justice to the subject of our sketch, we must observe that he has in many of his native portraits proved himself with equal truth and feeling not only successful as a *Lover*, but as a most faithful delineator of the charms of his matchless countrywomen, amongst whom the fair author just quoted may well be considered one of their brightest living ornaments. But it is in his accurate delineation of the simplicity of Irish peasant life that *Lover* excels. There he is at home, and there we feel at home with him, secure of being amused, by some sudden outbreak of lurking humour, which makes us laugh, and we are pleased, we know not wherefore, and care not why.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL SKETCHES.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

St. Patrick's Day in Paris—The Anniversary Dinner—Sympathy for Ireland—Returning thanks for the health of Thomas Moore—Beranger and Moore contrasted—Sketch of the character and writings of Europe's modern Troubadour—Anecdote of the Bard and the Bookseller—The Opera in Paris—Grisi, Mario, and Lablache—French Theatres—Mode of preserving order after the Opera in Paris—French Dramatic Authors, &c. &c.

Paris, March 18th.

THE anniversary of Ireland's apostle was celebrated here yesterday with great pomp and splendour, not only by the Irish residents in Paris, but by large numbers of the Parisians themselves, as well as by many foreigners of distinction, including Italians, Germans, English and Scotchmen who honoured the festival with their presence, and really seemed to enter into the *Irish* spirit of the scene *con amore*.

In returning thanks for "Moore's health," which was given with all the honours, and one cheer more for old Ireland, I am reported to have sung a little *Impromptu* which we must call "*The Exile*"* and to have attempted in bad French the following Irish *jeu d'esprit* in reference to our friend.

As an humble labourer in the vineyard of which *Le barde Irlandais* is so justly considered its brightest ornament, I feel highly honoured and flattered in having thus been called on in a strange land to offer my mite of

* For words and music see Appendix.

commendation, in addition to those golden opinions which the all-powerfully commanding splendour of Moore's unrivaled genius has already won from an admiring world. But, what tongue can express, what language can describe the great and glorious Melodist as a child of nature, a child of song, an associate of music, of genius and of universal literature; but more than all, and above all, the powerful auxiliary, the enchanting, irresistible, and inseparable companion of the genius of liberty! —the heaven-born genius of the liberty of Ireland! The Greeks may boast of Anacreon, and the Latins of Horace; but let an appeal be made to the lyric muse, and the sweet Goddess of Music must put the olive crown of victory on the brow of Moore! Oh, harp of Erin! ancient symbol of my country, what a debt of gratitude dost thou not owe to him, who in lays celestial sent forth and published thy wrongs to the world? At one time his patriotic muse is employed in painting thy ancient glories; at another, in strains pathetic he dwells on the prostrate fallen state of a once great and happy people; now he appeals to their well-known martial character—again to their characteristic sympathies; but he shines in all his glory whenever he bursts into an appeal to nature, and strikes upon that string which must ever vibrate sensibly on the hearts of freemen, when he exclaims:—

“Oh! where’s the slave, so lonely
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?

What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of him who made it?"

Here taking advantage of those warm feelings which the nationality of Frenchmen at all times prompts them to express when *amor patriæ* is the theme. I spoke of their own "poet of the people," BERANGER—the Moore of France—the modern Troubadour of Europe—of whom it has been said, that he has seized the fittest material of the muse, and constructed for his country, *la belle France*, a glorious fabric in his songs.

With a wide sphere for observation, during a period fruitful in stirring events, the *Chansonnier* has effected for politics what the Bard of Erin has for the affections. Approaching nearer to what Moore is in his poems, Beranger brings satire to his aid—a satire that scares despotism from its stronghold, and laughs to scorn whatever means power may devise to enchain the mind, or proscription enforce to uproot from the people's heart the deep, sensitive, lively and enlightning influence of his songs. In these, more than all teachings of history or philosophy, and superior to the most stubborn canons of conventionalism, he has opened up a rich massy vein of thought, the point and brilliancy of which have startled the popular mind into a conviction of dread realities—imperial misrule—court sensuality—political delinquency—and monstrous social errors. Beranger and Lamartine are in France the poets of the people. Beranger is now like our own dear Moore, full of years and of honors—his songs are sung

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in every circle, and treasured in every heart in France. Since the last revolution he has been returned as a member of the legislative assembly, on two occasions by overwhelming majorities, an honour which the bard respectfully declined, on account of his years. He would not assist in making laws for his countrymen, and why should he, after he had spent so many happy years in composing their songs, which will be more enduring and influential than legislative enactments.

Beranger, it appears, is one of the least assuming of men, truly disinterested in all his motives; he is often said to have expressed his wonder that any author could prostitute his genius so far as to make the least sacrifice of independence for any pecuniary consideration; so far, indeed, did this love of freedom carry him, that his genius seemed to forsake him the moment he sat down to write upon any subject that might have been proposed for the display of his talent. A bookseller once offered him 6000f. for six songs designated in the proposal. Beranger made the attempt, accomplished two with great difficulty, and in a manner unsatisfactory to himself; he attempted a third, but finally threw them all into the fire, saying that he could do nothing well for money.

After seeing Paris, I now think but little of London. In the musical world we have the brightest stars which Europe can boast—namely, Grisi, Lablache, Mario, and Ronconi. After a long cessation, *Il Puritani* was revived here on Monday night last, at the Italian Opera House, which was literally crowded to the ceiling by the *elite* of Paris. You may, therefore, imagine what a spectacle it presented. Indeed, it was the most brilliant

assembly I ever beheld—just such a galaxy of rank, fashion, and splendour as Paris alone can produce on such an occasion.

The Parisians, in a musical point of view, are far better critics than the Cockneys; and here, believe me, real merit will meet its reward. But in London, fashion carries everything before it.

The great feature of the night was the *Elvira* of Grisi, for whom, in connection with Rubini and Lablache, this enchanting opera was composed. Mario is a young artiste of great promise, whose limpid purity of tone, and depth of expression, have, in my opinion, never been heard to more advantage. His style is rapidly ripening into that of Rubini, and in feeling and pathos—those golden keys to the heart of a Paris audience—he is, with one exception, unrivaled. Lablache was as usual inimitable.

There are no less than twenty theatres open in Paris. For all of which there is an especial audience, and in times of peace, when political convulsions are at a discount, they all prosper, if well conducted. Not one of them but deserves a visit from the enquiring stranger, anxious to observe and study the manners, customs, and peculiarities of a mighty city, to whose vast and motley population a great variety of amusements is not so much a luxury as an actual necessity. Nothing can exceed the regularity which prevails at the theatres of Paris. Sentinels guard all the avenues, and preserve order in the interior. On leaving the theatre, not the smallest confusion or uproar takes place. No person is permitted to alight his carriage until he is actually waiting for it at the door; and should not

the owner step into it in an instant, it is ordered off by the police, and makes way for another.

It is calculated that the inhabitants of Paris expend upwards of 6,000,000f. a year at theatres and exhibitions; and that out of a population of 900,000 souls, 10,000 at least, upon an average, pass the evening at the theatres.

The French were, until a very recent period, extremely precise in exacting from their dramatists a close adherence to the classic unities of the ancient Greek drama. But within the last few years a strong party has sprung up, who, under the denomination of the Romanticists, have been partially successful in removing the fetters so long imposed upon the dramatic literature of the nation. The Classicists, however, still form a powerful body, who cling with fond tenacity to restrictions under which the splendid labours of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, raised the French theatre to so proud an eminence. The pale but graceful imitations of Shakespeare, by Ducis, met with great success, and remotely led the way, in all probability, to the changes that have since taken place. At the present day France is richer both in the talent and the number of her dramatic writers, than all the rest of Europe together; many of the works of Delavigne, Jouy, Arnault, Acelot, Leburn, Hugo, Dumas, Scribe, and others, would reflect honour on any age or country.

LETTER FROM AMERICA.

Arrival at Saratoga Springs.—Strange assemblage of visitors from all nations.—Introduction to the President of the United States.—His Portrait by an American artist.—Sketch of his character and general aspect.—Singular exclamation of the Indian Chiefs at the capitol on beholding him.—Ignorance of politics envied by a poet.—Drinking “Congress Water” at the springs.—Grand Ball at the United States Hotel.—American and English Belles at the Ball.—Officers of Victoria, &c. &c.

Saratoga Springs, Aug. 19th.

To the Editor of the *New York Evening Star*.

DEAR SIR,

Here I am at the United States Hotel, surrounded by a strange indescribable *melange* of Americans, English, Irish, Scotch, Germans and Italians, indiscriminately huddled together—beings in fact from every clime—of all shades, creeds, colors, denominations and professions, from the President of the Union to Henry Clay, and from Clay to newspaper editors, reporters, authors, artists, black-legs, loafers, Whigs and Democrats, down to your humble servant.

Shortly after my arrival here on Thursday last, I was presented and introduced *pro forma* to the President, who received me most warmly—said he had “heard of my visit to the Springs, and was delighted to see me.” On entering his room I found him sitting to a young

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American artist, who has been engaged here some days in taking his portrait, which he very politely allowed me to look at, and which is certainly the best likeness I have yet seen of this remarkable man.

There is to me a singular expression about the eyes and mouth of Van Buren, which this artist alone seems to have caught most accurately. The forehead is well taken; and the light judiciously given in showing out to much advantage the phrenological developments of the head. On the whole the likeness is *perfect*, and reflects no ordinary credit upon the youthful artist, who has so admirably succeeded in "holding up the mirror, as it were, to nature," in which we may behold the man who, from comparative obscurity, has been raised by the all-commanding force of talent and industry, combined with an honourable perseverance, to preside over the people of a Republic the most glorious upon earth, and which nations now behold with envy and admiration, marching forward to greatness and independence.

In the combined features of Van Buren's countenance there is at certain intervals an expression so peculiar and indefinable, that the clearest illustration I can give you of it, is that remarkable exclamation of the Indian Chiefs at the capitol, when, on beholding the man, those children of nature unanimously cried out, in their own wild, yet truly comprehensive and expressive language, "He is a fox—a little fox."

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

Being myself neither a whig nor a democrat, I will now take leave of the President, lest some furious *loco-foco* should take me for one or both. The truth is, I

was once a bit of a politician; but have of late lost all taste in that way. For which loss Moore recently congratulated me, saying he "envied me my ignorance," that is of the politics of the London *Times* newspaper, of which we were speaking one morning, and to which you know, he was once a little rhyming contributor—holding up, as poor Shelly used to say—

"Those gilded butterflies that bask
In the sunshine of a Court, and fatten on corruption."

But I am wandering, I find, to my old haunts across the Atlantic. Pray excuse the digression, and believe, sir, that I write at this moment under the influence of no less than six tumblers of "Congress Water," taken at the Helcion of this Elysium, where so many libations of modern champagne are now being poured to

"Ladies' eyes around."

On Friday night we had quite a brilliant and delightful ball at the United States Hotel. All the elite of the Pavillion and Congress Hall were present, and together constituted a galaxy of surpassing splendor. The band, or orchestra, which was composed of sables,* having struck up the "President's March," the doors of the great saloon were thrown open, and his imperial majesty, with the fascinating Miss T——ge, of New York, leading the *van*, made his grand entre into the ball room, followed by all the rank and fashion of Saratoga; and thus marched forward, some of the finest specimens of American beauty that I have ever seen.

* Negro performers.

Dancing having now become the order of the night, and although having more of the pensero than the Allegro in my disposition, yet casting the mantle of the former aside, I mingled in the mazy round. My fair partner in the Cotillon, and enchantress throughout the night, was Miss W——y, the amiable and accomplished daughter of General —, whose graceful deportment and exquisite dancing elicited universal admiration. There were several of the Canadian officers of Victoria present, with their pretty wives and blooming daughters, who particularly distinguished themselves in the Waltz, rearing high their noble heads in feathers and diamonds. But ah, my own sweet simple Nora Creina, pleased me most of all. She was indeed the star of the night; brightly beaming in her vestal sphere, pouring light and love around us, while the less favoured satellites of other orbs

"In dim and distant glory burn'd."

To-morrow I depart for Niagara and the Canadas. Agreeably to promise, you shall have "a line from the Falls."

Adieu, yours truly,

BLACK.*

* This is the signature which has invariably been appended by the Author to all those "Random Sketches, Epistles, &c. &c." which have appeared in the newspapers and reviews.

A

A P P E N D I X ;

CONTAINING

Original Songs

AND

Ancient Irish Melodies,

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

AND

A LETTER FROM THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

&c. &c. &c.

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ORIGINAL SONGS AND ANCIENT IRISH AIRS.

No. 1.

The words and music of this song were originally composed to illustrate an historical incident in one of my Lectures on "The Bards and Melodies of Ancient Ireland," and are supposed to contain the sentiments of a desponding minstrel who was about to leave his native land for ever.

No. 2.

This song was suggested by a motto on a seal affixed to the original of the following note from the distinguished Author of "*The Irish Melodies*," bearing a shamrock surrounded with the words REMEMBER ERIN!—

SLOPERTON, SEPTEMBER 7th.

MY DEAR SIR,

I rejoiced to hear of your success in America, and thank you for your kind remembrance of me in sending those newspapers which reported it.

Should I happen to be called to town during your lectures, it will give me pleasure to attend and profit by them.

Wishing you every success,

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

No. 3.

The words and music of this song were composed to illustrate a passage in a Lecture on Moore's "Evenings in Greece," relative to **SAPPHO**, the celebrated poetess, so much distinguished for her beauty and amorous disposition.

SAPPHO'S LOVE;

OR

THE THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

I.

Love, like buds of roses
 Opening in the sun,
 Still our fate discloses
 'Till our course be run.
 Fill'd with nectar sweetness,
 Calling us to sip :
 But with lightning's fleetness
 Fading on the lip.

II.

Love, like buds of roses
 Wet with dewy tears,
 Still our fate discloses
 In our after years.
 Purest pearls now seeming
 Resting on the leaf,
 Touch'd they are but streaming
 Emblems of our grief.

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 THOMAS

III.

Love, like buds of roses
Ere the summer 's gone,
Still our fate discloses,
Leaving thorns alone !
And tho' fate to-morrow
Painful to her prove,
Still through joy and sorrow
Woman's heart must love.

No. 4.

This fine old martial strain, which has never before been published, and which we noted down, or rather rescued, from an eminent Irish patriot* and antiquarian, in whose family it had been preserved for centuries, is very peculiar in structure, and bears about it evident marks of great antiquity. “*The Battle of Clontarf*,” like the well-known march of Βριαή Βορυμήα, is very probably one of those airs of which Hardiman speaks as follows—“The national music, or ‘Gathering sound,’ by which the Irish troops are said to have formed into battalions, and marched to the plains of Clontarf, is still preserved, and may be heard in many of our sequestered glens and mountain fastnesses.” It is one of those soul stirring combinations of sound, which according to Ussher, in his admirable Discourse on Taste, rouses to

* The Author's ever to be lamented friend, the late THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

rage—*iram suggerit*—and whose passionate power was perfectly understood by the ancients.' The Norse or Danish songs, descriptive of the battle of Clontarf—long after famous throughout Europe—were published in Denmark in the 17th century—See *Thermodus Torfæus Hafniæ* 1679; also *Bartholinus*.

In almost every hamlet throughout the Irish parts of Ireland, with similar ancient airs and delightful old Finean tales, in poetry and prose, which have been preserved with a sort of religious veneration, the rural children of the "Isle of sorrow sounding harps" are wont to recreate themselves after the toils of the day, when assembled round their village firesides, they enjoy the only cessation from suffering which they know or expect in this life.

No. 5.

This fine dashing, energetic, heart-moving melody, so full of that bounding spirit of life and outbursting joy, by which so many of Carolan's compositions are distinguished, I have taken the liberty of introducing as a specimen of the *National Dance Music of Ireland*, to which our gentry, except, perhaps, some few aboriginal families, are almost total strangers.

In attempting the unsuccessful composition of an air of this class, Carolan once exclaimed, "I can never do justice to a melody of my native land when I have a

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happy heart." The air we have given, as the scientific musician will at a glance perceive, commences in the *minor* and ends in the *major*. The minor is not the offspring of a sad heart, and the spirited major has got his "commission."

All airs of this peculiar class by Carolan, called *planxties*, are distinguished by a wild hurrah of happiness and ocean-deep sentiment of sorrow, walled in from commonplace—which led a celebrated writer to say, “*The genius of Ireland must have written her planxties with the lightning shaft of laughter for his pen, and tears for ink.*”

There are certainly *tears* enough, heaven knows, in too many of our national airs—while, it has been said, with equal truth, that in our liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes, making even mirth interesting. The whole of this *planxty* is good, and the major part particularly striking; the change is unexpected and happy, as the heart of the composer must have been when he conceived it, and a charm is thus given to the winding up that will operate with equal force on all hearers of good taste, whatever may be their musical predilections.

No. 6.

Of a more modern date than the former air is the dance called “The Rocky Road,” which takes its title

from a road so called in the vicinity of Clonmel. This is the well-known air which is sung by the nurses for their children in a great portion of the southern parts of Munster, and they frequently put forward as one of the advantages to be attended by hiring them, that they can sing and dance the baby to "*The Rocky Road.*"

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ORIGINAL SONGS

and

ANCIENT IRISH AIRS.

Moderato

Vivace

Piano
Forte.



Echo Lament.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 60$

1.

Andante con Expression.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

On! yes, I re-mem-ber those long lost hours,

Legatoissimo.

Express.

Hours too bright to stay : Whose wings ap - pear'd like

Dolce.

Cres.

Dim. Lento a piacere.

au - tumn flow - ers Fleet-ing all a - way!

m.f.

pp

colla voce.

Dim.

Maelzel's
Voice
Piano
Fortissimo

Express. *Cresc.* *Dots*

Or like those joyè that round us play, Etc the

Cadenza ad id. Con Dolcezza.

bloom of our youth has fled. Those hours, those hours have

Dim. Lento con express.

pass'd a-way, And the hopes of this heart are dead.

Second Verse.

And thou no more, my gentle lute,
Of youth and home shalt sing;
All hush'd are now thy chords, and mute
To passion's trembling string!

From me life's joys have pass'd away,
And thus I feel alone,
Like one in deserts doomed to stray
.. All cheerless and unknown!

Dolce
Etc. the

hours have

dead.
op Dim.
we pass'd away,
e, com'd to stray
known!

Remember Lorraine.

Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 80.$

2.

Larghetto Affettuoso.

Voice.

Piano-Forte.

When morn-ing beams are steal-ing
When shades of ev'ning meet my view,

Dolce.

Cres.

O'er the shin-ing sea; Like Joy to Hope re-
Fall-ing o'er those bous, Where Free-dom fed with

Cres.

veal-ing nec-tar dev, Dreams of ecsta-cy,
Hope's young op'n-ing flow'rs-

Dolce Expressio.

> *Rallentando.*

Scenes of boy-hood's cloud-less days, Then rise to make me
In that hour when all's at rest, And hea-ven's moon ap-

Dolce.

Cres.

blest, - And with that orb whose gold-en rays
pear - Smil-ing in her span-gled vest,

pp

pp

Tenuto.

dim.

Kiss the o-cean's breast.
O'er this vale of tears.

Cres.

A piacere.

Chorus.

f Rissoluto a Tempo.

p

Come thoughts of thee,
I think of thee, É - ri n maroujneen

Legermente.

Cres.

Pia.

Come thoughts of thee E - ri n go brach,

Cres.

pp

m.f.

Senza Rigore.

Ad Lib.

Come thoughts of thee, É - ri n ȝo blaȝ.

Colla voce.

Dim.

f

Ballantando.

to make me
en's moon ap-

—
—
—
—

n rays
ted vest,

pp
—
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—
—

A piacere.

Sappho's Love, OR, THE THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

98

THE THREE STAGES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

3

Appassionato con espressivo.

Voices

Love, like buds of roses

Op'ning in the

Piano-Force.

Environ.

99/11

sun. Still our fate dis - closed

Till our course be

Dian

DOI:

run; Fill'd with nectar sweet - ness

Call-ing us to

10

**Lov
V
Still
I
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F
Tou
E**

Cres. > < Dim. pp

sip, But with lightning's fleetness, Fad-ing on the lip.

Rallentando.

Cres. > < Dim. pp

But with lightning's fleet-ness fading on the lip.

ff

Colla Voce.

2nd Stage.

Love, like buds of roses
Wet with dewy tears,
Still our fate discloses,
In our after years.
Purest pearls to seeming,
Resting on the leaf,
Touch'd, they are but streaming
Emblems of our grief,

3rd Stage,

Love, like buds of roses
Ere the summer 's gone,
Still our fate discloses,
Leaving thorns alone.
And tho' fate to-morrow
Painful to her prove;
Still thro' joy and sorrow,
Woman's heart must love.

The Battle of Glontars.
CAT CLUJIN TURB.

4.

A.D. 1014,

Maestoso con Spirito.

Piano-Forte.

pp

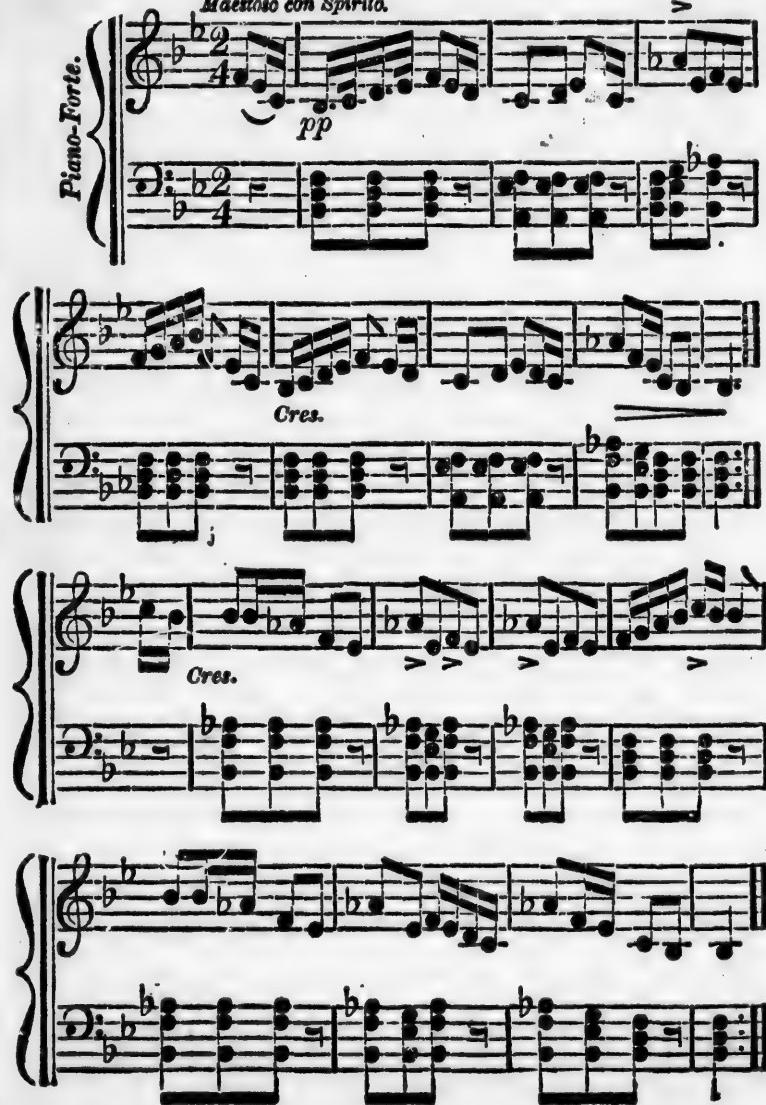
v

Piano-Forte.

Cres.

Cres.

G



John ~~St~~ Germont.

Sian Mac Diarmada.

Maelzel's Metron. $J = 120.$

5

CAROLAN.

Allegro von spirito.

Piano-Forte.

A little louder when repeated.



The Boxy Gord.

Maelzel's Metron. $J = 120$.

6.

Piano-Forte.

Allegro con Spirito.

Tenor. Soprano.

Tenore. Soprano.

Foto.

*He...
E...
O...
N...*

The Exile.

Duet.

7.

Soprano.

Tenor.

Andantino Pianissimo.

When ab-sent from thee, Is-land of Sorrow,

Orez.

p

Espress.

More dear to me, Is thy lov'd name; Would that my lone harp

Dolce.

From thee could borrow, E'en one sad chord To light up its

Rallentando.

Lento a piacere.

fame. E'en one sad chord, To light up its fame.

Second Verse.

Here, here alone,
Each day I ponder,
O'er glories gone,
Ne'er to return,

Mavourneen, to thee.
This heart clings fonder
While thy daughters' bright eyes
Thus before me burn.

OFT

The v
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OFT WHEN O'ER THE CALM BLUE SEA.

The words of this song are taken from a volume of
“*Miscellaneous Melodies, with symphonies and accompaniments,*” written and composed by the Author, and
dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess of Shrewsbury
and Waterford.—*R. Cocks and Co. London.*

I.

Oft when o'er the calm blue sea,
As the silent moon rose bright,
With sad regret I thought of thee
Full many a dreary night.
And oft I've pac'd the deck alone,
And thought we ne'er should meet,
While heaven's lamp above me shone
The lonely hour seem'd sweet.

Oft when o'er, &c.

II.

'Twas sweet when that fair orb of night
Was beaming o'er the wave;
'Twas sweet to think, and view the light
Its soften'd lustre gave.
But ah! there was a ray whose beam
Was sweeter far to view:
Whose light gave life to many a dream
Of joy, and hope with you.

Oft when o'er, &c.

OH! TELL ME NOT OF THOSE BRIGHT
DAYS.

The original music of this song, as sung by Miss Birch in the Author's "Lectures on National Minstrelsy," at Her Majesty's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, is published by *Metzler and Co. London.*

I.

Oh! tell me not of those bright days
When thou wert all to me;
Nor wake again those slumb'ring lays,
My lute first sung to thee.
But let the memory of the past,
In silence now depart;
For pleasure's dream no more shall cast
Its sunshine round my heart.

II.

Yet thoughts of hours long, long gone by,
Come o'er me like a spell;
And weeping memory seems to sigh
"Oh! say not yet, farewell!"
And tho' joys golden orb hath set,
With all that made life dear,
Hope's vestal ray will linger yet,
This lonely breast to cheer.

COME, COME, AWAY!

SERENADE.

I.

Come, come away ! the moon's soft light
 Is beaming o'er the sea ;
 Come, come away, love, come to-night,
 And heav'n will smile on thee.
 Awake ! awake ! and come to me.
 I'll hold thee to this heart,
 Whose every throb beats high for thee—
 Whose hope, whose life thou art.

Come, come away, &c.

II.

Come, come away ! and I'll be thine,
 No fate our joys shall sever—
 Come, come away ! if thou'l be mine,
 My life, we'll love for ever !
 Then, come away, ah ! come to me,
 I'll hold thee to this heart,
 Whose ev'ry throb beats high for thee,
 Whose only love thou art.

Come, come away, &c.

WHEN YOUTH'S BRIGHT DAYS.

I.

When youth's bright days are o'er,
 And hope's young fancies fled ;
 And boyhood's dreams no more
 Their halo round me shed.

When smiles, that led me on
 Thro' pleasure and thro' pain ;
 When all those joys are gone !
 How can I love again ?

II.

And yet a thought from thee,
 My soul can never turn ;
 For whereso'er I flee,
 Those eyes before me burn.
 And like that star of heav'n,
 Which beams o'er earth and sea,
 Sweet memory sheds at ev'n,
 Its mellow'd light round me.

THE FORSAKEN.

"Why, maid of Toscar of Lutha, should I tell how Cathlin failed ?
 Her tomb is at rushy Lumon, in a distant land. Near it were the steps
 of Sulmall, in the days of grief. She raised the song for the daughter
 of strangers, and touched the mournful harp.

"Come from the watching of night, Malvina, lonely beam !"

Remembrance of thee in this bosom will stay
 When its pangs and its fears shall have melted away,
 And tho' parted, alas ! still believe that thou art
 The life of this lonely and desolate heart.

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MORIATH'S APPEAL.*

" WHY ART THOU FOUND IN THOSE HALLS ?

I.

Why art thou found in those halls of the stranger ?
 Oh ! Mahon, thou son of the mighty and free ;
 Where another hand reaps what thou sowest in danger,
 And gathers the harvest of honor from thee.

II.

Though fair beauties round thee, like spring flowers
 blooming,
 May smile with delight on the foremost of spears,
 Oh ! think there's a bosom thine image entombing ;
 Think thy home-lily droops in her own heart-rung tears !

III.

What avails if thy falchion the Gael's foe is sweeping ?
 'Till it carves out a passage unto the lone grave,
 While thy sire in his blood, unavenged yet, is sleeping,
 Should'st thou take the wine cup and pledge like a slave ?

IV.

Spurn, spurn back the draught, and hope's banner up-rearing,
 Let thy war song be sounded at MORIATH's behest ;
 Bring death to the tyrant and freedom to Erin,
 Or sleep with thy sires in the land of the West !

* This song is supposed to have been sung by the bard of the young Princess Moriath, at the court of the Gaul, to her lover Mahon.—See *Bardic Reminiscences*, p. 18.

WAKE! OH NATION!

I.

Wake! oh, nation! wake to glory!
 Slumber not in slavery's chain;
 Future bards will tell the story
 Of the valiant slain!
 Slumber not the foeman's slave;
 Arm, arm, to conquer. Strike to save!
 In your country's cause dare—dare the grave,
 'Twill hide dishonour's stain!

II.

Lo, the stag in freedom boundeth!
 The falcon soars on high!
 Would you wait where ill resoundeth,
 To your strongholds fly!
 Where, domestic discord hushing,
 Like some mighty torrent rushing,
 By your weight your foemen crushing,
 Or daring bravely—die!

NORA'S DREAM,*

OR

"THE QUEEN'S VISIT"—*A popular fairy legend.*

I.

The Queen of the Fay's paid a visit to me,
 With a train of attendants twice nine, and twice three;

* This is supposed to be the effusion of a dreaming peasant girl, and may perhaps be allowed to take an humble place among the songs of the superstitions of my country.

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And her bright court she held in a violet bell—
 And quaff'd dew distill'd from a hazel nut shell,
 But tho' not the *rate* “mountain” drop, serv'd just as
 well.

Och hone !

II.

Now as this drink rose to their brain in wild glee,
 All gambol'd like mortals with *potteen* o'er free,
 And look'd as they danc'd in the green fairy ring
 Like bees kissing flow'rs high poised on the wing,
 All so light not a shamroc : bent under their spring !

Och hone !

III.

Advancing, the Queen cried, “ Confide in my pow'r ”
 Your bachelor name—he'll be yours in an hour !
 He came ! with a ring did my finger enclose—
 How I felt at that moment—you all may suppose—
 'Till, awoke ! by a fly, that had perch'd on my nose.

Och hone !

NORA'S BOWER.

I.

Young Cupid slept in Nora's bower,
 While the bees were ranging,
 Bearing from sweet Nora's bow'r
 Thefts to honey changing.

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A bee had sought the urchin's lip,
 To rest his laden wing there;
 Distilling sweets the god would sip,
 But, ah ! he found a sting there.

II.

Cupid whimper'd "Dearest Nora!"
 Smiling thro' his tears now—
 "Aid my wound, my sweetest Nora,
 Which inflam'd appears now."
 When as she stoop'd the sting to view,
 His kiss, with lightning's fleetness,
 Gave to her lip the roses hue,
 And all the honey's sweetness.

NORA'S LAMENTATION.

I.

And art thou gone, my own sweet darling ?
 And wilt thou never come again ?
 And must I weep my life's fond darling ?
 Although they tell me sorrow's vain !
 Why is thine eye, where youth ran riot,
 So silent now, and cold to me ?
 Ah ! what then makes my love so quiet ?
 'Tis death usurps my place with thee.

II.

Oh ! thy smile so like the morn, sweet darling,
Gave promise of a glorious day ;
But envious clouds did gather, darling,
To rob me of a heavenly ray.
A varied beauty, ever changing,
Played blithely in thy beaming face !
Nor could the roe our mountains ranging,
Eclipse thy manly-figures grace.

III.

In vain they'd hush my sorrow, darling !
My hopes are in thy lonely grave !
In vain they'd check my tears, sweet darling !
For one so lovely, young, and brave.
But since thou'rt fled to heaven before me,
Even in the prime of spring-time's bloom,
Ah ! what can I but sorrow o'er thee,
And consecrate this heart thy tomb.

IMPROPTU

ON BEING ASKED "WHAT IS LOVE?"

Love in thine eyes I view,
And in thy smile I trace
Him, on those lips of dew ;
And o'er thy angel face
He flings a sun-lit ray,
Lighting charms divine !
Stealing hearts away !
And now—he's taken mine.

A BROTHER'S LAMENT.

I.

'Twere vain to think that words can tell
 What this lone heart now feels,
 While weeping memory's saddening spell
 O'er all my senses steals.
 Calling back lost hopes and fears,
 And hours long past and fled ;
 Watering with a brother's tears
 The grave where thou art laid !

II.

I'll weep no more ! but pray to thee
 In yon pure sphere above !
 That thou may'st still remember me
 'Mid realms of light and love ;
 And thus, tho' doom'd to linger here,
 Still wearing hope's bright chain,
 In heaven, my life, my sister dear,
 We'll meet, and love again.

THE DEATH OF CUTHULLIN.

" Soft by thy rest in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars."—OSSIAN.

I.

Shall darkness and death, in the lone silent grave,
 O'er the deeds of our hero dominion proclaim ?
 Ah ! no ! tho' his cold body sleeps in the cave,
 His spirit shall live in the light of his fame.

Raise, raise the voice of renown to him
Whose war cry rose high above battle's wild roar;
While heart-stricken warriors in sorrow bow down
to him,
The sound of whose shield shall inspire them no
more.

II.

Quench'd is the eye that with lightning's fire
In thy war mood would strike all thy foemen with
dread,
And in peace glow'd with mildness and dove-like
desire,
But, alas! thou art gone! and this heart's-hopes
are dead.
Raise, raise the voice of renown to him
Whose war cry rose high above battle's wild roar,
While heart-stricken warriors in sorrow bow down
to him,
The sound of whose shield shall inspire them no
more.

OH ! IF THAT SHINING WORLD.

I.

Oh ! if that shining world's above
Where friends unite when life is o'er;
Mid far-off realms of light and love,
Where glory dwells for ever more—

II.

Still let me hope these realms to see,
 Where heaven's own stars all glow ;
 And thus with rapture upward flee
 From this cold earth below.

III.

And when my pilgrimage is o'er—
 Which like some bark here moves along
 Thro' storms, by many a dreary shore—
 Let hope still smile o'er my lyre and song.

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B R I G H T O N.'

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * Brighton, sweet Brighton.

Where the wild waves run, and bound, and roar,
 And kiss with glee thy laughing shore ;
 While the light winds whistle o'er the crest
 Of toiling ocean, whose tir'd breast }
 Hath now assum'd its wonted rest : }
 And all along the strand are seen
 Shells of blue, and white, and green !
 With spangles glittering in the ray
 That gild at noon the snowy spray ;
 And waves appear that oft had roll'd,
 Their silvery backs o'er sands of gold :
 Where boundless treasures calmly sleep—
 Secur'd by thee :—oh ! pathless deep !

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FILL, FILL THE GOBLET.

I.

Fill, fill the goblet—let the glass
Of joy around the circle pass ;
As the dew of the night, and the spring's smiling show'r
Give strength to each plant, and enliven's each flow'r ;
So the grape's mantling juice, when it flows from the bowl
Lends force to the thought, and delight to the soul ;

Then fill the glass—and let it pass
Swiftly around the jocund ring ;
And bid each mind, to mirth resign'd,
Soar high on pleasure's wing.

II.

Fill, fill, the goblet—let the glass
Of song around the circle pass
As of yore the Greek son of the pipe and the lyre
From Pierian fountains drew poesy's fire ;
So the bards of our day, from the fruit of the vine,
Draw those wild flights of fancy that breathe in each line ;
Then as we sip, from every lip,
While Music's numbers flow,
Let each warm heart in song impart
The joys our cups bestow !

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Report of an Address delivered on being called to preside at a Public Temperance Festival.

My first duty is to thank you sincerely, for the marked compliment and distinguished honour you have conferred on me, in selecting me to preside at this large and influential meeting; and I only regret that some more worthy successor to your former excellent chairman, Sir Francis Le Hunte, had not been chosen by you to sustain the exalted character which his dignified conduct and gentlemanly demeanour at all times, irrespective of his great talents and extensive and varied literary and scientific acquirements, have already given the chair of the Wexford Temperance Hall. Next to the illustrious Matthew himself, no man has done more to promote the cause of Temperance in Ireland, than Sir Francis Le Hunte. But is he not also the father and founder of your Mechanics' Institute, which is at once an honour, a benefit, and an ornament to your town? and, to which he has with princely munificence and generosity presented a magnificent museum, the compilation of which, must, indeed, have cost him a whole life of labour—comprising as it does—gems of purest ray serene—which connoisseurs have pronounced to be of the most brilliant, recherche, and glowing character that ever lit the coral caves of

ocean. At our festive *soirees*, and monthly reunions, the chair, which I have on this occasion the high but unworthy honour to occupy, has also been ably filled by my friend, the learned Professor of St. Peter's College, by Doctor Boxwell, by the popular President of the Society, the Rev. Mr. Roche, and by that ever bright and shining model of philanthropists, whose name stands out on yonder tablet, as a living testimonial to his greatness of soul and goodness of heart—the ever meek and retiring, yet noble and distinguished High Sheriff of your county, Charles A. Walker, Esq. Amongst those who have also contributed to the support of the temperance and mechanics' institutions of your town, and consequently to the prosperity and happiness of the people, I am proud to find our friend and brother teetotaller, Powell Haughton, Esq. in conjunction with his amiable uncle, the universally esteemed and popular representative of your noble county, Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan. These really good men,—Mr. Morgan, Mr. Walker, and others—instead of ordering their wings to spend their time and princely fortunes, amid the mirrored saloons of continental splendour and glittering extravagance, are, in the most comprehensive sense of the phrase, always at home, not only administering to the wants and wishes of the poor, and thus dispensing blessings among the people, but literally living, as it were, in their inmost affections, men whose unceasing acts of benevolence—illumined with the torch of sublime charity, at a period when famine, disease, and

death, swept over the isle—can never be effaced from the records of the country, nor obliterated from the hearts and souls of the Irish people. Those cheers springing warmly up from the depths of the Irish heart, speak trumpet-tongued for the truth of my assertions, and for the God-like deeds of men, whose “memory must ever remain green in our souls.” Oh! what a pleasing and delightful contrast the conduct of those distinguished philanthropists forms to that of the gloomy and besotted spendthrift Landlords of Ireland, who revelled in drunkenness and depravity, and burned out their brief rushlights, little more than a century ago; when dogs and horses, dead cows and claret, were the order of the day, ere poor Byron was born to make “hock and soda water” fashionable. From the year 1760 downwards, claret was the great drink, or rather poison of the Irish Landlords, no less than 8,000 tons of that wine having been imported and consumed in one year, 1763. “The great aim and end of life” says the author of ‘Ireland sixty years ago,’ “seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to stand, and then he might depart if he could walk.” The facetious Sir Jonah Barrington, in his “Personal Sketches,” gives some highly graphic and amusing pictures of the conviviality of the period into which, as a youth, he was plunged headlong.—Near to the kennel of his father’s hounds was built a small lodge, to this was rolled a hogshead of claret, a car-

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case of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company when inclined to sleep ; and all the windows were closed to shut out the light of the day. Here a match of what was then called "hard going" commenced, and was kept up *con amore*. Sir John's two brothers, and five or six sporting blades of the neighbourhood composed the permanent bacchanalians, though a few other visitors were occasionally admitted. The party was attended by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds to join the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which a dozen of the *raile* Irish "game" were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Thus, for seven days, the party were shut in till the cow was declared cut up and the claret on the stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices and drank in goblets to their next merry meeting. Sir John's description of a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were newly plastered and the mortar soft, is too good to be omitted on the present occasion ; I shall therefore make no apology for introducing it :—"At twelve o'clock on the following morning some friends called to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes ; bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. In the centre of the floor lay the piper on his

back, apparently dead, with the table-cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him burned down to their sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties by the loss of their hair and part of the scalp." Now I question much whether any other country on the face of the creation, at the same age of the world's life, could afford a parallel to such disgusting scenes as these. That intemperance still exists in Ireland to a dreadful extent, but not as formerly amongst the Landlords and aristocracy of the country, but solely, I may say, amongst the poorer classes of the people, is truly deplorable to reflect on. If these whiskey-drinking abominations, which are the root of all the crimes that grow out of the accursed spirit of alcohol to stain, sadden, and disfigure the face of poor Ireland, and make herself and her children the laughing stock of the world. If they could at once be put down with a high hand, what multitudes would be rescued from destruction. Our prisons and poorhouses in the first place would want occupants. Our churches and chapels require more ample accommodation. Infidelity would lose its courage—and the charities of the land would be augmented. Native industry, talent, and en-

terprise would be appreciated, honoured and respected. The sickly mania for foreign importations would melt away before the glorious sun-beams of patriotism and give place to a more healthy spirit of nationality. Profligate adventurers and *soi-disant* instructors, or rather contaminators of youth, would find no shelter or patronage except from the profligate and abandoned like themselves. Our own island harp that has so long and idly hung on Tara's wall, wrapped in the willow of sadness, would be newly strung, and, wreathed with the laurel and shamrock, would again resound the notes of joy and gladness on our green hills ; and the "land of bards and bravery," where Brien bled and Ossian sang, would again call forth the envy and the admiration of the world—as she did in those days of glory and of song—when the magic strains of her matchless minstrels raised the heart and spirit of the nation, and Ireland became, as it were, harmonized into temperance and joy.

I shall now be happy to hear any gentleman who may feel disposed to address the meeting : at the same time, if I might venture to offer an advice, I would respectfully suggest that all speakers would refrain from everything of a sectarian or political nature—making their addresses as strong as the subject will admit, without being personal or offensive to any one. Temperance affords a field wide enough for our labours without introducing therein anything calculated to wound or disturb the feelings of any well-disposed person, no matter what his calling, creed,

class, sect, or party. To reform the drunkard, to relieve distress, but above all, to do good to others, is our only object, which can hardly fail to give pleasure to every one who is not lost to all sense of goodness. To turn our eyes away from the drunkard and say, we will not see him, would be only to do what the Priest and Levite did who passed the poor traveller who had been in the hands of robbers, and would neither look on him, pity him, nor help him. Oh! how many of my poor deluded countrymen are at this moment in the hands of robbers? not only of their worldly substance, but of their very souls and bodies, for which one day they must be accountable, when all the secrets of the human heart, and abominations of intemperance will be revealed to more worlds than this, when the scarlet rivers of alcoholic poison which had been administered by wholesale murderers to so many millions of mankind—together with its countless victims—amid the yells and execrations of “the accursed”—and before the eyes of the whole human race, will be cast into a lake of everlasting fire. Our first parents in Paradise, were not more happy and contented, than were the inhabitants of this sainted Isle, ere the hell steeped apple of intemperance and discord was introduced among them by vipers in human shape, whose loathsome offspring, or rather imitators, are still found crawling about the land, shedding along the slaver of their poison—polluting our fellow creatures—wetting our fields, and staining our rivers, till the very stones themselves, crimsoned with the

blood of their victims, seem to rise up in anger from the weeping earth, and cry aloud to heaven for vengeance! In conclusion, my dear friends, let me humbly, but earnestly and fervently, implore you to come forward and take the pledge, which is the only plank to which we can cling with any hope of being saved from the awful wreck of misery and misrule, which our poor afflicted country at present presents to the nations of the world, after "the pelting of the pitiless storm" of intemperance and disorder with which she has been assailed for centuries. A distinguished French author has said "*Qu'il n'y a point de sentiment plus doux au cœur de l'homme que la confiance.*" Have confidence therefore, have courage, come forward at once, join our peaceful ranks and the glorious "Bands of Hope" for Erin. And from the honorable and distinguished position in which your confidence and good opinion have placed me to-night, I solemnly pledge myself to you, that you will never have cause to regret the act—but on the contrary, it will, I am convinced, prove to you, as it has already proved to me, a source of real happiness, mingled only with the consoling reflection, that, by totally abstaining from what may well be designated the Irishman's greatest enemy, the evil spirit of whiskey, you deprive the drunkard of an argument and leave him not to say—"You can enjoy your luxuries but would take my only comfort away from me." Alas! poor comfort! Ah! little do they think who thus foolishly flatter and deceive

themselves, that their "only comfort," as they call it, is, in reality, nothing more or less than a deadly compound of liquid fire and distilled poison, destructive alike to both body and soul. It has with much truth been observed that "a man without sobriety, so far from being a benefit or an orament to society, as he ought to be, is a curse and a disgrace to it." All the rational enjoyments of life are comprised within the sweet and flower-strewed paths of temperance—and without them are to be found all those which disfigure and desolate society with crime, indigence, disease, and death. By maintaining strictly the principles of temperance in your intercourse with the world and weak men, you will, no doubt, have much to contend with—but remember that firmness of character, when acting upon upright, honorable feeling and good sense, will ultimately disarm your enemies—and not only give you the power of conquering them, but of looking, as it were, with ineffable exultation and triumph at all the frail and contemptible machinations of those who may in vain attempt to insult and injure you. But above all, my dear friends, let the first and leading principle of your lives, as men and teetotalers, be truth—truth in all you think, all you say, and in all you do. If this should fail to procure you the approbation of the world—it will not fail to obtain your own, and what is better, that of Almighty God—under the star-spangled canopy of whose divine grace and favour you will be prosperous and happy, I hope—here, and hereafter, when far removed from the

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din and tumult of this fleeting world, the secret good intention which could not be brought to effect, and sincere endeavour—which has been disappointed and misinterpreted on earth—will meet its just reward. Where, instead of the beastly bellowings of the drunkard, that have so often filled your ears, while passing through this transitory vale, you will, for the first time, and for ever, amid the white-winged Hosts of the Most High, surrounded by myriads of blessed and happy spirits, hear in all its transcendent purity of intonation, and indescribable delight and joy—

“ That undisturbed song of pure content,
As sung around the saphire-coloured throne,
To him that sits thereon—
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherub hosts in thousand choirs,
Touch their celestial harps of golden wires.”

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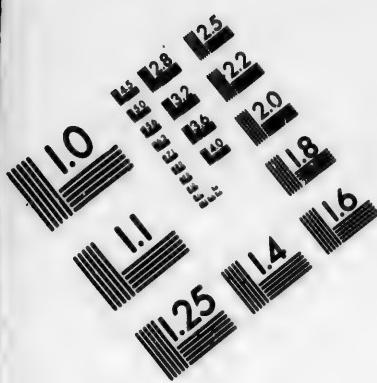
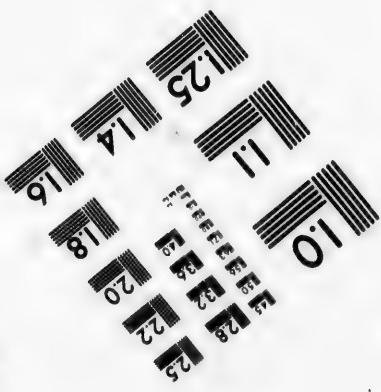
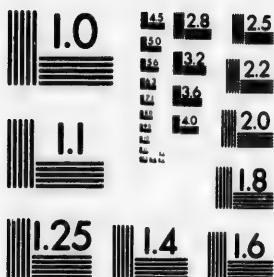


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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH,
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